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THREE WISE LITTLE BOYS.

CHRISTMAS always falls on the twenty-fifth of December, even if it is leap year, which joggles the almanac so, and sometimes the twenty-fifth is Sunday; and so it happened one year that in the little village of Blessington, Christmas and Sunday and the twenty-fifth of December all fell on the same day; and more than that, little Jacob Olds's birthday was on the same day; and when I tell you that little Jacob was exactly, to a day, one year younger than his brothers John and Peter Olds, you will see what a great occasion it was when the twenty-fifth of December, and Christmas, and Sunday, and little Jacob's birthday, and John's birthday, and Peter's birthday, all happened together; and oh, one thing more — Mr. and Mrs. Olds were married on Christmas eight years before, and this was leap year. I suppose it is not very often that such a Christmas happens.

The evening before this Christmas, John and Peter and little Jacob were playing about their father and mother just before bed-time. The pretty room was nicely furnished, for there was Mr. Olds with his newspaper, pretending to read, and Mrs. Olds with her sewing, pretending to sew, and Peter and John and little Jacob playing about like three little kittens. Little Jacob finally climbed into his father's lap and pretended to read the newspaper too. There was a long

column of print all about the financial difficulties of Austria, and Jaky read it aloud to his father somewhat thus, with his fat finger moving over the lines: —

"On Christmas morning children have presents from their papas and mamas. Sometimes they are in stockings, but ours are on a big table. Some boys like books, but I like a sled. I think my papa will give me a sled," — here he had nearly reached the bottom of the column, he read so fast, and so he ended up, — "and we wish you all a merry Christmas. Yours truly, Jacob Olds and Company."

"Oh, is that in the newspaper?" asked Peter, who had been listening. "Why, that's my father's name."

"Pooh, you goose," said John, who was exactly of the same age, but always treated Peter as if he were years younger, "that's Jaky. He made it up."

"Oh," said Peter, who was not very quick, "I thought he was reading. Mama, what is Christmas, any way? It is n't Sunday, is it?"

"I know," said John. "It's the day when presents are given. You have to say 'Merry Christmas' to every body, and the one who gets up first and says it, is the best fellow."

"Then I'll get up first," said Peter. "You wake me, will you, mama?"

"Hoh," said John, "you're great. If mother wakes up first she'll say it."

"Any way," said Peter, "we're going to have a great dinner. I heard Becky say so, and she says folks always have a great dinner on Christmas."

"Becky knows ever so much," said little Jacob. "She knows a lot she won't tell. She knows something about Christmas that's a secret, I guess. I said Christmas was my birthday" —

"It's my birthday too," said Peter, who wanted to have every thing that any body else had.

"Well, it's mine, too," said John. "Any body'd think you owned it. Does Christmas always come on Sunday, father? To-morrow's Sunday."

"It has n't any thing to do with Sunday," said Mr. Olds. "It only happens so."

"Becky says," went on Jacob, "that she's always glad when Christmas comes on Sunday, and when I asked her why, she said because somebody she knew about was born on Christmas, and liked Sunday. I don't think that's much."

At this moment Becky herself, the old nurse, appeared in the doorway to lead the children to bed. They went frolicking up-stairs, and Mr. and Mrs. Olds were left alone. Mrs. Olds stitched on in silence for a moment, and then looked timidly at her husband, who sat behind the newspaper.

"My heart misgives me, Jacob," said she. "I don't know, I sometimes think it would be better if the children were to know — to know something about what people generally know — what they read in the Bible."

"Becky has n't been telling them any stories out of the Bible, has she?" asked Mr. Olds, impatiently. "I told her when she came, that if I ever found her telling religious stuff to my children, she should leave at once. I'm not going to have her putting nonsense into their heads. I intend they shall grow up rationally, and make up their minds for themselves, without any prejudice."

"I don't think she has," said his wife, with a doubtful look on her face. "You see how she checked herself when Jaky asked her about Christmas. She feels pretty badly, though, about it."

"Let her," said Mr. Olds, pushing his spectacles hard down on his nose. "It's not her concern, at least."

Becky had taken the three children to the room in which they all slept in their little beds, and had tucked them in, and then, as was her wont, had got down upon her poor old knees and prayed hastily within herself that the Lord would bless the darlings, and send somebody to teach them; while the children, as usual, kept still, because Becky was looking under the beds, as they thought, to see if any body was there, and their little hearts were always in a little fright till Becky got up again and kissed them, and told them that they might go to sleep, for somebody was watching over them, and would keep them safe; and as they always found Becky there when they woke up, they had no doubt she was the Somebody, and Peter when he heard Becky say somebody was watching over them, secretly thought that Becky herself climbed up on the bed-post and sat there all night, where she could see them all, and could keep off danger.

But this night the children were wide awake, and begged Becky to stay and tell them a story, or sing a song. The poor old thing had her head full of Bible stories and hymns, but she had been forbidden to tell them to the children, and so she had to fall back on the days of her childhood, when she lived in a little village of England.

"Tell us what you used to do when you were a little girl," said John.

"Sing us a song," said Peter.

"I know," said little Jacob; "tell us about Christmas, Becky. Tell us about the man that had his birthday then, and liked Sunday. You know" —

"Who was it?" asked Peter.

"It was somebody," began poor Becky, at her wit's end how to tell what she longed to tell, without disobeying, and so making a sad mystery of it all.

"Oh, was it Somebody," cried Peter, "Somebody who watches over us? But you're a woman, Becky."

"The dear child," said the puzzled old body, "so I am. If I was only a man, like old Parson Dawes that used to be" —

"Tell us about Parson Dawes," struck in John, who thought they were not getting on with a story.

"Well, I will," said old Becky, suddenly brightening up, "and I'll just tell you about what Parson Dawes did when I was a little girl. Parson Dawes he was a good man, a very good man, but he had n't no children of his own,

and so says he one Christmas time to the chorister, — that 's my father, children," —

"O Becky, you're making up," said Peter; "you have'n't got any father."

"But I had one, Peter, when I was a little girl."

"Was it Somebody?" asked John, who thought that Becky was always making believe when she spoke of Somebody.

"The dear children," murmured the old woman. "Says he, says Parson Dawes to my father, 'Simon,' he says, 'they used to have a custom for children to go about Christmas-eve and sing carols. Now, you just teach the children to sing one, and I'll go round with the children myself and sing it.' He was a nice old man, Parson Dawes, but folks thought he was rather queer, p'raps because he did n't have no children of his own. So my father, he taught us children a carol which Parson Dawes he gave him; and sure enough we went round, and Parson Dawes he went with us, and we sang, and we sang — oh, it was beautiful," and nurse Becky, forgetting every thing except what she was remembering, and forgetting her own poor cracked old voice, piped out to a sweet air the words: —

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day.
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray.

"In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn;
The which his mother, Mary,
Nothing did take in scorn.

"From God, our Heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

"Fear not, then said the angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.

"The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed babe to find.

"But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereas this infant lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay,

His mother Mary kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.

"Now to the Lord sing praise,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood,
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.

Oh tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas-day."

"And did Parson Dawes sing it all with the children?" asked John.

"Indeed he did," said Becky, warming with the recollection. "We just went from one house to another a-singing, and Parson Dawes he carried a stick and pounded on the ground when we sang. He was just daft-like, when we was a-singing, and he took to his bed that very night, and so he died."

This was quite unexpected, and Peter began to cry.

"What made him die?" said he, whimpering. "What made Parson Dawes die? I did n't want him to die."

Little Jacob had said nothing, but his busy little head was trying to put together what nurse had said and sung.

"Nurse," said he, "do please sing that again. That part about the shepherds."

So Becky sang again: —

"The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed babe to find.
Oh tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas-day.

"But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereas this infant lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay,
His mother Mary kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray."

"But what made them go to Bethlem?" asked John. "What's Bethlem?"

"Why, it's where the babe was," said little Jacob. "Don't you see?"

"The little babe that was born, was Jesus Christ the Lord," said old Becky reverently, clasping her hands and lifting up her face. "And He was the Lord of glory who had come down on earth to live, and He was born a little babe in a manger, and when the shepherds they came, they found the little babe a-lying in the manger; and the little babe grew up, and He healed the sick, and He taught us about God and heaven,

and then wicked men killed Him, and then He died for us — poor little children," — broke out old Becky, choking down her sobs; "and I was n't to tell you, but I could n't help it if I was to leave this night — there!" And the old nurse threw herself down on her knees, and wept and prayed aloud that the good Lord would teach the little ignorant ones, and tell them about Jesus when Becky left.

"Oh, don't go," said Jaky, "don't go, nurse. We don't want 'Good Lord'; we want you. I'm going to sing that over again," and he tried to sing the verse that had been sung last. He came pretty near it, and the other children took hold with great eagerness and insisted on singing it too. They had sweet voices, and pretty soon old Becky with her cracked voice, and the three children, were all singing together.

But Becky began to be troubled, and said she must not stay any longer, and that the children must go to sleep. So she kissed them once more and went out softly. The children could not go to sleep, they were so excited.

"It was a secret," said John. "She said she was n't to tell. I guess father and mother were keeping it for a surprise."

"I guess it was Somebody that was born," said Peter. "And then He died, just like Parson Dawes."

"I wish we could have heard them all sing," said little Jacob; "it must have sounded like what the shepherds heard."

"I say," said John, in a hurried whisper. "Let's us."

"What?" said little Jacob, starting up.

"Let's us sing," said John.

"Well," said Peter, beginning, —

"The shepherds at those tidings" —

"No, no," said John, impatiently. "Peter, Peter, I don't mean here, but let's play we were Parson Dawes and the children. I'll be Parson Dawes and you be the children, and we'll sing, just as they did."

"Oh do," said little Jacob, eagerly, and he bounced out of bed. "Johnny, Johnny, we'll put on our things and go out, and nobody will hear us, and then we'll sing."

So the three children dressed hurriedly in the dark, Peter much wondering in his puzzled head whether John, when he got through, was going to take to his bed and die, like Parson Dawes. They groped about, talking to each other in loud whispers, and putting on their clothes in all sorts of new ways. At last all were dressed, except

that Peter could not lace his shoe, so he let the lacing go dragging after him.

"We can't get our hats," said John. "I tell you what. We'll take blankets."

So each of the children took a blanket off the bed and wrapped it round himself and over his head, and so with suppressed giggles the three little blanketed figures stole down-stairs and out-of-doors. There was no snow on the hard ground; there was no moonlight either, but the bright stars were shining as they stepped forth, shutting the door noiselessly behind them.

"Parson Dawes had a stick," said Peter, "with which he pounded when the children sang. You have n't got any stick, John."

"Yes, I have," said he triumphantly, showing a hearth-broom which he had concealed under his blanket. "I thought of it. I'm Parson Dawes. Now, children, when I begin to pound, we must all sing."

They were standing under the window of the room where they had bade their father and mother good-night. The curtain was dropped, but a bright light was behind it. In vain, however, the children sang, and Parson Dawes pounded. No one came to the window.

"Papa! mama!" shouted Peter. "See us! we're Parson Dawes and the children."

"Sh!" said little Jacob. "That is n't the way. Let's go to Mr. Lirry's."

Mr. Lirry lived next door, and again did Parson Dawes and his choir sing and pound in vain. They tried the next street. A wagon drove by, and the man in it stopped and turned to look at the three queer little figures.

"I'm afraid," said Peter, beginning to run down a side street. John and little Jacob were not afraid, but they ran after him, and the man in the wagon drove off in another direction, but they thought he was chasing them, so they all ran in good earnest; but the noise of the wheels died away, and they came to a halt by a stone wall.

"O Peter, what made you run?" said John, all out of breath.

"Where are we?" said Peter. But it was so dark, and they had got so bewildered with the run, that the poor little things could not tell.

"We must turn round and go back," said John, clinging to his hearth-brush, and determined, like a brave little fellow, that he would defend them. They began to sing again, and somehow the stars shone so brightly, and the music sounded so sweetly, that they walked along without fear, and even Peter began to chatter about many things.

"This is just the night," said little Jacob, "to find a babe in. I should n't wonder, no, I should n't wonder one bit, if we were to see some shepherds, and should find a barn, and there in the manger would be a babe. Only think of it. Would n't Becky be glad?"

"She said there was a star over it," said Peter, "a bright star, and it was right over the place. I don't see where we are, and I'm cold."

"I see a barn," said little Jacob. "Yes, I see it plainly, and oh! what a bright star; and it is growing brighter too."

And indeed just at that moment it did seem as if a particularly bright star shone above the barn. The children were all alive with eagerness as they came up to it.

"What if we should go right in and find him there!" said little Jacob, his eyes starting out of his head. "Johnny, we must sing the song."

Then they stood by the barn and sang the verses, Peter holding on to little Jacob, and John striking the ground with his stick like Parson Dawes. They lifted the latch of the door and peered in. It was darker in there than out, but it was warmer, and so, creeping in, they closed the door after them. Peter clung close to little Jacob, and now as they stood there, their little hearts beating, a light began to fill the place gently, and their eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, they began to make out things. There stood some oxen, and there too were some sheep, all lying in their pens and stalls. The light that came was the rising moon, which rose higher and higher, sending its light through a great easterly window. The children crept up to a manger, and peered eagerly and yet timidly over.

"Perhaps he has not come yet," said John. "Let's wait."

There was a hay-cart standing on the barn-floor half filled with hay, and into this the three little children clambered, and lay close together, waiting till the Child should appear.

It was about the time that the three children were clambering up into the hay-cart that Mr. and Mrs. Olds, who had been taking little naps all the evening, thought it as well to go to bed once for all. Mrs. Olds indeed had felt that she would gladly go and sleep off the uncomfortable thoughts that began to visit her.

"Jacob," said she, "it was eight Christmases ago that we were married."

"Well, Rachel," said he, good-humoredly, as he took off his spectacles, "I expect you will give us a first-rate dinner in honor of the day."

"Yes, and it's the children's birthday, too,

and Christmas. I wonder what sort of a notion they have of Christmas?"

"A very correct notion," said Mr. Olds, restlessly, — "a day of frolic, of giving and receiving presents, and eating plum-pudding. They shall have a merry Christmas."



"Won't they come to ask why it all happened on Christmas-day?" continued the mother, thoughtfully.

"Well, wife, they'll learn it all by and by, when they study history; and they won't have any nonsensical notions about it."

At this moment Annie, the maid, came to say that Becky, the nurse, would like to speak to the master and mistress, if she might, and right behind came Becky, with her eyes very red, and her hands twitching at her dress.

"Come in, Becky; what is it?" said Mrs. Olds.

"Please, ma'am, I must a-go."

"Why, don't we treat you well?" asked Mr. Olds in surprise.

"O Mr. Olds — I could n't help it, ma'am; but when those darling children asked me about Christmas, and I got to telling them about the hymn which we children used to sing with Parson Dawes when I was a little girl, I could n't help it, sir; but oh I told them about the Babe

that lay in the manger, and how the shepherds heard the angels sing, and the Wise Men of the East, how they came and brought presents; and O, Mrs. Olds, I could n't a-bear that the darling children should n't hear about the blessed Jesus, who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and you don't let them go; and I thought, says I, if the Lord asks me, Becky, why did n't you let them come? what made you a-hinder them, — and so I told them, and now I'll go, sir, as I heard you said I must;" and the poor old woman, who had rushed through her words which she had been all the evening making up her mind to say, quite broke down, and sobbed into the lap of her great gown.

Mr. Olds walked up and down the room uneasily, and Mrs. Olds, half ready to cry and half ready to be downright angry with Becky, stood still by the fire.

"I'll see you in the morning," said Mr. Olds, giving his coat a twist, and buttoning it about him, and then, as Becky left, he turned to his wife, —

"Come, Rachel, we'll go to bed; but first we'll look in on the children, to make sure they have n't been spirited away by some of Becky's invisible friends," adding a worried little laugh. They took their light and went up-stairs. They entered the room.

"Merciful Heavens!" cried Mrs. Olds, and Mr. Olds roared, —

"Becky!"

The whole house was roused and in a tumult. The servants crowded into the room, and a great wailing was made. Mr. Olds, raising his voice above the din, while his wife was dumb and white, ordered quiet, and striking Becky on the shoulder and holding her at arm's length away, he bade her tell him where the children were.

"Please God," said the old woman, "I left them lying awake in their beds, and I have not been in the room since."

"She's been in her room crying like every thing the whole evening," spoke up Annie, the maid. There was silence a moment, and then Mr. Olds said, —

"None of you leave the house."

It was hardly necessary to say this; not one scarcely dared to leave the room, but Becky said meekly, —

"Please, master, I must go. I must find the children."

Mr. Olds said nothing, but went out of the room with his wife. He put on his coat, and she mechanically dressed herself, and together

they went out of the house, but not alone, for Becky had followed, bearing a lantern in her hand. They went from one house to another, and the neighbors joined them in the search, till the whole village was astir.

"Neighbor," said Mr. Lirry, "about what time was it you might have missed your children?"

"Nurse took them to bed at seven. It is now eleven."

"About seven-and-a-half o'clock, or it may have been eight, Mr. Olds, I heard some children singing outside the window, and I says to Mrs. Lirry, 'There are children singing;' but then it stopped, and when I went to the window I heard nothing. I remember the time, for Henry just afterward started for Compton. It was just before the moon rose. Henry said he should have a good moon when he came back. I thought it was he when you came in. There he is now," and a wagon drove toward them, and the horse was reined in at such a strange concourse of people.

"Henry," said Mr. Olds, huskily, "have you met any body? My children are lost."

"What! John and Peter and Jaky! Stop! what time was it?" and then he told how as he was driving off he heard some voices singing, and he stopped and listened, and saw three figures in a sort of whitey-brown covering, who chased each other down the Morris road, and he went on.

"That's them, no doubt," said Mr. Lirry, cheerfully. "They're taken care of at some farm-house, you may be sure; nothing but honest folks live down there. Come, Henry, jump out, and, Mr. Olds, you and Mrs. Olds take the wagon and drive down that way, so's to bring them home nicely."

"No," said Mr. Olds. "We don't know how long we may have to look. Henry's horse has been to Compton and back, and is tired. I shall harness my horse in the carryall and take every thing that may be needed. Becky, go back to the house and get cordials and blankets. Give me the lantern — Rachel, you will come with me."

They turned back, and were soon by the house again, when Becky went in, but Mrs. Olds would stay by her husband. He carried the lantern, and they went out to the barn.

"Rachel," said he, as she clung to his arm, "it could not be that our children should suffer any harm on Christmas. I'm not superstitious, but it's Christmas, you know." Just then the

clock struck twelve in the clear air, and at once, too, the bells were merrily rung, to usher in Christmas-day.

"O Jacob," said she, bitterly, "what right have we to expect God will take care of our children? Hark!" and she seized his arm convulsively. They stood dumb upon the threshold of the door.

"They found a babe" —

It was little Jacob who had suddenly waked at the sound of bells, and had sung the words that were last on his lips. It was their father's barn to which they had come back in their wanderings. He sang both verses clearly.

"Rachel," said Mr. Olds, "I dare not go in," and he sank down on the floor. But at that moment, the other children waking, began talking and crying together, and Mrs. Olds, opening the door, cried, as she looked into the darkness, —

"My children, my children!"

"Here we are, mama," spoke up little Jacob. "Oh, I thought perhaps the babe had come. Do

you really think he will come to-night? Nurse told us about him, but it was a secret. There was One who was found just so, when the angels sang to the shepherds, and He was good to people, and He died."

"And Johnny was Parson Dawes," broke in Peter, who was crying, and was very sleepy.

"Why did n't you hear us when we sang?" said John. "We sang real loud, and I pounded with my stick. This is the way we did," and the children, now wide awake, and standing on the barn-floor, sang once again their Christmas carol. And Becky, who had come out, said nothing, and could not even sing with them in her old cracked voice.

The next day was Sunday and Christmas. The three wise little boys did not know much about the King of the Jews whom they went to worship. But they went, nevertheless, and they carried, though they did not know it, some very precious offerings.

HOW DO INSECTS PASS THE WINTER?

You have, doubtless, heard how the Bear, grown fat on the fruits of his fall campaign; retires to some hole in the rocks, where the softly falling snow by degrees makes a beautiful ermine counterpane which protects him from the cold during his long winter sleep. The fat, which lies in great folds just under the skin, is gradually absorbed into his system, and as he takes no exercise, it requires but little fuel to keep the spark of life glowing. Occasionally he sucks his paws, and seems to derive much comfort therefrom. When the spring comes, and his icy roof melts and runs away to fill up the little brooks that babble of strange things as they go leaping down the hill-slopes, he comes out, and a very lean and hungry Bear he is for a few days. Then there is the Snail, who, when he feels the first approach of cold weather, retires into the innermost chamber of the wonderful house he always carries about on his back, and there turns mason, and by means of a cement which he manufactures, builds up a strong wall to keep out the chilly air of winter, and so goes to sleep, caring not a whit for the howling winds which torture the sturdiest trees till they groan again with anguish.

The birds do not hibernate, but when "the

melancholy days, the saddest of the year," come, and the bright green foliage of summer ripens into the golden glories of autumn, they sing their farewell songs, and hie away to more genial climes. The fish, during the long winter, remain at the bottom of the water, where it is much warmer than near the surface. Among human beings I do not know of any people that really hibernate, except the Kamtschatkadeles, who live in dark, dirty houses underground, when the long, dreary winter has come.

By this time I think that you must fully understand the meaning of the word *hibernate*.

There are very few insects, that is, full-grown insects, that pass their winters thus. Most insects are at that time still in the egg, undeveloped, and waiting for warm weather to hatch them out; many species are in the grub or baby state, many more in the pupa or chrysalis stage, whilst a few, arrived at maturity late in the fall, are carefully hidden away in cracks and quiet nooks, only to be tempted out from their seclusion by one of those rare but delicious winter days, when the sun shines bright, and the glittering icicles drop great tears, wrung from their very hearts.

How hard it is to realize, as we walk about on

a bleak winter's day, well protected from the stinging cold by innumerable wrappers, that this pure white shroud of snow serves also as a warm counterpane, and that under its folds are hidden the germs of millions of future insects, friends and foes. All about us, in the ground under our feet, in the trees, swinging their gaunt and naked limbs about over our heads, in the holes and countless cracks in our walls and fences, in every corner and crevice in our houses, in the very stubble which crackles so crisply under our tread where the wind has blown the snow away, are lying hidden from our gaze, myriads of insects in all the various stages of their existence. Although we may not see them, still we may be as certain that they are there as we are positive that the seeds of the many thousand plants which will next season delight our eye or please our other senses, are now concealed in the bosom of Mother Earth, — this same snow a mantle to protect them from the cold.

Although but few come flitting or running across our path, yet if we search for them diligently, we shall find them in great numbers on every hand. Let us take a trowel and go down into our orchard and dig down among the roots of the trees, and many strange forms of insect life will reward our search, — little mummies wrapped in thick shrouds, queer little babies in close-fitting swaddling-clothes, some sound asleep, others with just animation enough to wriggle their tails feebly and then go off again into their deep sleep. Take your trowel and dig into the mound in this hollow of a tree, and other little sleepers come to view; twist off this ragged piece of bark, and whole colonies get their first glimpse of the sun, — to be sure as though seen through a glass dimly, but nevertheless their first peep at daylight; around these twigs we find strange bracelets of eggs, here and there collections of eggs like clusters of seed-pearls; swinging on the end of branches, swaying to the music of every passing breeze, we find the cradles and hammocks of many moths and butterflies; on the bark strange warts disfigure the trees, whilst in the very grass under our feet, if we pluck it up and examine it closely, we shall find tiny babies snugly laid away in satin-lined apartments.

The heat of our houses and stables keeps the household insects partially awake during the winter, whilst in their nests and hives the ants and bees quietly sleep most of the time, till the bright sun tempts them to leave their homes often to meet their fate by the wayside, where, half frozen, they fall and soon die. Occasionally a stray

moth flits ghostlike across our path, "a memento of departed days," or at the water-edge a few gnats display their agility as they dance their merry dance above the gleaming ice, or a few beetles in their secret hiding-places stir in their sleep and huddle closer together as though for warmth, when rude Boreas goes rushing by, shaking the tree-tops with the whirr of his mighty wings.

But with these few exceptions the insect world sleeps a long sleep, from which some shall never know a waking, for even now deep in their vitals are planted the minute eggs of their hereditary enemies, which shall in due season hatch out hungry little ones, who will only forsake them when they have thoroughly cleaned them out, and left nothing but empty shells. Nature sleeps, but is not dead, for the grand awakening will soon come, and then we shall see the result in a world teeming with insect pests and benefactors.

Now let us take up the subject somewhat in detail, and see what becomes of our little six-footed friends in the winter. Let us see what the BEETLES are about.

The Lady Birds that have survived the first sharp attack of Jack Frost, like to creep into out-of-the-way corners, and there huddle close together like a flock of sheep facing a norther, only to leave their winter-quarters occasionally on a foraging expedition among the cows of the Ants. One observer found on a cold day in November, no less than fifteen of these red jackets together in a hole in a post, sound asleep. The grub of the Cock-Chafer, in the darkness of his subterranean abode, lives on the roots of grasses for four summers, while he passes the four winters of his life asleep in some dark recess of his damp and gloomy house. The grub of the Stag Beetle lives in the ground in winter, in a sort of cave, hollowed out and polished very smoothly. The grubs of Dor Bugs live in the summer just below the surface of the ground, but as the season advances they descend into the depths of the earth and go to sleep. The grubs of the Rose Bug, hatch out in July from eggs laid in June in the ground, and continue growing till the fall, when they also descend below the reach of Jack Frost, and go to sleep still grubs. The grubs of the wood-boring, Capricorn Beetles pass the winter in the trees which have been their nurseries so long. Some dig their way close to the bark, so that they can creep out in the spring as full-grown beetles, they having already passed the state of babyhood, and made their arrangements for passing into the chrysalis stage; while others

still leaving uncompleted their work in the trees, go to sleep just as they are, and wake up when the sap begins to run freely, and go to work again.

One borer, a very small beetle, which is found in pitch-pine trees, is developed late in the fall as a perfect insect, but conceals itself under the bark till spring.

The Weevils pass their winters in different ways. One kind lives in pease, and you can find them in dry pease in the winter-time, getting ready to creep out in the spring. If you examine these same pease early in the spring, you will find in nearly all little black beetles, their heads just peeping out of small holes they have made with their teeth. Some Leaf Beetles pass the winter in the ground in the pupa or chrysalis state. Tortoise and Flea Beetles, and the beautiful Chrysomelians, often hibernate in sundry places of concealment, under leaves and moss and other safe places. Where other beetles live in winter, I hope you will find out for yourselves by actual observation.

BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS. On the branches of many of our trees we shall find their delicate limbs encircled by armlets made up of many scores of beads, each bead in time to produce a caterpillar. These bead bracelets are protected from the damp and rain by a water-proof coating, which puts our best roofing material to the blush. These are the eggs of the Lackey Moths, and are found on the plum, pear, and hawthorn. Another moth plucks off the hairs from her body till she is nearly stripped naked, and with these covers up the eggs. The female Canker-worm Moth lays eggs in patches on the bark of trees, and covers them with a water-proof varnish. The Vaporers Moths lay their eggs upon warm, silky beds, using the identical cocoons out of which they themselves once crept when first coming into the world as moths. As the females have only small wings at the best, sometimes none, their Creator has wisely placed at their disposal a future home for their progeny, in their old cast-off garments, which their instinct prompts them to use.

The eggs of insects are able to withstand, uninjured, an intense degree of cold. The same temperature which would immediately kill the tiny inhabitant of the egg if once hatched, seems to have no effect upon him in that safe retreat.

Some caterpillars are hatched from eggs in the autumn, and pass the winter quietly dozing upon the twigs and branches of their favorite bushes, so closely resembling their habitation, that only the shrewd eye of some hungry bird

spies them out. We find thus on currant-bushes the caterpillars of the Magpie Moth, perfectly torpid all winter and frozen quite stiff, but yet ready to thaw out when the weather moderates. They are sometimes perfectly brittle, and will snap like glass between the fingers, and yet, if suffered to thaw out, all this freezing does not seem to have injured them in the slightest. One species of moth lives in a community, wandering about at pleasure in a great tent built of leaves sewed together, with many subdivisions; but on the approach of cold weather they construct an inner apartment with very thick walls, into which they retire, and there remain coiled up in a mass together, striving to keep warm.

Some caterpillars conceal themselves in the various contrivances man's ingenuity has placed about the trunks of trees to keep off the pests of the orchards. The caterpillars of the Tiger Moths, the "woolly bears" as they are called, unlike the Magpies, are not naked, but covered with hairy coats, which protect them from the cold. Those that are born in the summer grow fast, and soon pass into the chrysalis state; but those hatched out in the fall grow slowly, and pass the winter sleeping, wrapped up in cloaks as warm as eider-down, occasionally stretching themselves, and taking very short walks. Some caterpillars seen in winter have no warm mantles of fur on to keep out the cold; but they have so much fat stowed away under their jackets, that they do not feel the chilly winds, but sleep, and occasionally awake, and show signs of life.

Up in the oak-trees we can find whole colonies of little caterpillars defying the cold; whilst they lie snugly wrapt up in warm counterpanes of silk that they have woven themselves, sleeping spoon-fashion, two or three in bed together. Another winter nest consists of one or two leaves folded and kept in position by a few threads of silk, and suspended from a twig by a strong silken thread, swinging in every breeze, a caterpillar in each nest. Most of our butterflies and moths, however, pass their winters in the chrysalis state. These little mummies are to be met with on every hand. Down deep in the earth myriads of them are packed away, patiently awaiting the warm spring day, which will urge them to struggle out of their cases and fly away to accomplish their destinies.

Caterpillars of moths generally weave their own silken shrouds about themselves, being their own undertakers; whilst the skin of the butterfly caterpillars is frequently moulted till just before the last change, when under the thin skin may

be seen the skin of the chrysalis, which, when exposed to the air by the final moult, becomes harder and harder, like a coat of mail, in which they slumber till the voice of Nature, penetrating their coffins, bids them come forth.

It is a very curious sight watching caterpillars preparing for the chrysalis stage. Many are hung up in the open air, some merely kept in place by a slight net-work of threads, whilst others are suspended in delicate hammocks or stout silken shrouds. Some caterpillars build for themselves little winter palaces about the size and shape of half a walnut, of chips and bits of bark, glued together by a natural cement which they manufacture. Other chrysalids, like Mohammed's coffin, swing in mid air betwixt heaven and earth, suspended by a delicate thread. The great Goat Moth, while in the caterpillar state, lives for three summers in the trunks of willows, oaks, and poplars; whilst for three winters he sleeps in the catacombs he has dug out and lined with a material as thick and warm as woolen cloth, made of small grains of wood and silk.

The caterpillars of many butterflies which make chrysalids in the summer, become butterflies in a few days, whilst the second crop, that appears in the autumn, passes the whole winter in seclusion. The caterpillars of Hawk Moths descend into the ground in the fall, and there pass through their various transformations. Owl Moths spin cocoons of silk, strengthened by the addition of many foreign substances, — hair, wood, and bark; these thus become very secure winter-quarters. After the apples have fallen to the ground in the fall, the caterpillars crawl out, and having found sheltered spots, spin cocoons in which to meet the rigor of winter. The caterpillar of the Clothes Moth leaves off eating in the winter, closes up its doors, and goes to sleep.

Those caterpillars that intend to pass but a few days in prison and come out before the winter sets in, generally spin but flimsy coverings of silk, whilst those that build more substantial houses appear to do so with the expectation of a long hibernation. The caterpillars of certain species of the Fan-winged Butterflies generally pass through all the various stages of existence before the snow comes, and pass their winter in the winged state, safely packed away, however, in quiet nooks, and are the earliest in the field in the spring, meeting but few companions, perhaps a few hardy Moths.

BEES, WASPS, AND ANTS. Mason Wasps often excavate holes in bricks and the cement of stone walls with their jaws, and then lining them

with clay, deposit their eggs, together with a few spiders or caterpillars, to serve for food when the young hatch out. Another Mason Wasp burrows in the sand, and builds a little tower about the entrance, always filling the holes with canker-worms, and when the grubs have hatched out and eaten them, they then pass into the pupa state, in which they continue all winter. Mason Bees build for their babies nurseries of mud and small stones, or lumps of clay, and after laying eggs, and leaving a little pollen for each grub to eat when hatched, close up the entrance. These also pass their winter in swaddling-clothes.

Mining Bees dig in the ground tubular galleries, and pile the dirt up near the entrances; when the young are hatched they give them a certain quantity of food, and then close up the holes for the winter with dirt from the piles. Carpenter Bees dig holes in the pith of sundry plants, or in fences, and deposit eggs and pollen. Carpenter Wasps dig galleries in timber and partition them off, — flies and gnats having been stored away for future use of the young grubs, who, after eating their fill, pass their winter in a dormant state. The Upholsterer Bees line their babies' cradles with various colored leaves, whilst a distant connection uses the down of plants for warmth. These are all solitary insects, and the female does all the work of preparing winter habitations in which to perpetuate her race.

Social Bees and Wasps. The only survivors of a colony of Carder Bees, are a few females, who separate and pass the winter snugly hidden away under moss, where they wait for the spring to come to begin their work of carding the moss and building their dome-like houses for their young. The female Humble Bee passes the winter in somewhat the same fashion, quietly dozing under the moss or in the old homes under ground. Of Hive Bees, in the autumn the lazy drones are nearly all killed off by the workers, and the rest remain partially stupefied all through the cold winter months, not entirely asleep; for if any hive is examined in winter, many will be found wandering about in its almost empty corridors, tasting the honey which they prudently stored away in the autumn for this expected winter imprisonment. A hive full of bees will withstand the cold much better than a hive with but few inhabitants, the warmth of their bodies raising the temperature.

Some varieties of the Gall Wasps pass their winters in those puff-balls found on oak-trees, and hence called oak-apples, and creep out perfect flies in the spring. One Gall Wasp lays its

eggs on the branches of rose-bushes, and the result is that the branches swell and little spines shoot out here and there, sometimes green, at others red, until the homes of the little ones are completely covered with fibrous mossy tufts, which are very warm, and protect the young grubs from the cold.

Some Saw Wasps pass the cold season in the egg state, the eggs being covered up in the safe resting-places sawn out for them, with a cottony fleecy substance which protects them from the inclemency of the season. Others pass their babyhood hibernating in the stems of the dry stubble of wheat and barley. The Maggots of the Wheat Fly remain in the earth during the winter. Ants, contrary to general opinion, do not lay up any stores for winter, but are benumbed through the whole of the cold season, although warm sunny days in the early spring, even before the snow has left the ground, will tempt them from their snug winter-quarters.

Grasshoppers generally winter in the ground in the egg, although some species are hatched out late in the fall, and conceal themselves during cold weather in the stubble and dry grass. Crickets, for the most part, die on the approach of cold weather, although a few survive, and hide themselves under rocks and boards, and occasionally appear. Those that live in and about houses, are to be found all winter in the various stages of existence, their growth hastened by the heat of the fire-places which they especially haunt.

The full-grown Squash and Chinch Bugs conceal themselves when winter is near at hand, the first-named in crevices of houses, walls, and fences; the latter, on sundry plants, or on the ground under dry leaves, etc. Vine-hoppers and Leaf-hoppers leave their feeding-places in the fall and take shelter beneath fallen leaves, dry twigs, etc., and remain quiet till spring. Winged Plant-lice perpetuate their race by dropping eggs on appropriate places in the fall, which hatch in the

spring-time. The females of the Bark-lice, after laying their eggs, die, but remain affixed to the bark, their backs forming roofs, the better to protect the eggs from the storms of winter.

Two-winged flies generally pass the winter in the pupa state, ready for work when the sun bids them push open the top of their barrel-like coffins and creep out. Mosquitoes and Gnats do the same, although even in the depths of winter specimens can be found sporting by the frozen edges of quiet ponds, awakened, as it would seem, somewhat prematurely, from the general sleep.

Temperature has so much to do with advancing or retarding the various stages of insect existence, that we are often surprised at meeting with specimens entirely out of season. As there are sometimes two or more broods of some species of insects, the ways of these born early in the season are very different from those born later, so that in studying their peculiarities we are continually making fresh discoveries.

I have now given you a general idea of what our insects are doing in the winter, and I hope you will look about you when the snow is on the ground, and all things appear dead or asleep, and see what you can find for yourselves, and I think your exertions will be well repaid, and your curiosity satisfied by many strange, and perhaps hitherto unknown facts.

If you will take a cigar-box, or, better, a soap-box, and fill it partly with fresh earth, and put a little vegetable mould and moss on the top of the earth, and place in the earth a number of grubs and chrysalids, putting them about as far down below the top as where you found them, taking care to keep the moss and mould moist and damp, not wet, the heat of the house will hasten the delivery of many beautiful and strange insects from their queer coverings. The top of the box must be covered with muslin, so that when they come up out of the ground they will not fly away.

W. H. D.

SIX LITTLE PRINCESSES, AND WHAT THEY TURNED INTO.

[Concluded from the November Number.]

FROM this time the Princesses led a happy and harmonious life together, and the Queen, when weary with the burden of royalty, found among them, with all their refreshing variety of character, a solace and a joy that made her life

a continual feast. One morning, however, the King, when he set forth to hunt, entreated the Queen to accompany him, to witness some rare sport.

"I am ashamed to refuse you," she said, "but

my heart misgives me. I have a presentiment that some misfortune will befall our children."

"One should put no confidence in presentiments," replied the King. "For my part I have a foreboding of evil as awaiting myself; I own it is weak to yield to it, yet it makes me shrink from going forth to the hunt without you."

These words decided the Queen, yet she took leave of her daughters with a tenderness that bordered on sadness. The Princesses, on their part, responded with unusual warmth to her caresses; never had she seemed to them so dear. They employed themselves in her absence with little devices for her pleasure. Moina began a bit of choice embroidery; Reima designed a picture for her private cabinet; Mosella and Papeta composed music for a song of welcome, written by Novella, as her welcome home; Delicieuse ran to the window every five minutes to see if she were coming. But night fell, and the gay cavalcade was neither seen nor heard.

The Princesses assured each other that the delay betokened no evil. To beguile themselves of the time, they worked with more industry. At bed-time there was still no news of the absent party.

"What can it mean?" they whispered to each other, while Delicieuse cried herself to sleep.

At midnight wheels were heard, and the Countess Reynosa appeared, pale and tearful.

"My children!" she cried, and could say no more.

They clustered about her, and clung to her, without daring to answer a question. She gathered them in her arms, spoke a few incoherent words, and then pushing them away, began pacing the room like one beside herself.

Then came confused sounds from without.

"They are bringing them home!" she said, in a whisper.

One cannot dwell on such scenes. The King and the Queen had been thrown from their chariot. Both were dead.

The days of public mourning and ceremony were over. Their private grief the young Princesses concealed in the retirement of their own apartments. They did not ask themselves, for their lives had been simple and unworldly, who should reign over the desolate kingdom. But others, less simple, more worldly, did ask the question, and presently dissension and clamor arose and filled the land. Some of the people looked upon Novella as heiress to the throne. It was she whom the King and Queen had first adopted as their child; she excelled her sisters

in learning if not in talent; if the blood in her veins was not royal, her education was. Others contended that Delicieuse, as the favorite of the Queen and of the people, was best fitted to ascend the throne. A third party clung to the aristocracy of birth, and clamored for the rights of the young nephew of the King.

The Countess Reynosa weighed these conflicting opinions, and her clear judgment assured her that the third party had justice on its side, and would finally prevail. But what was to become of the six Princesses? Had any provision been



made for them? Alas! none. The King and the Queen, like other mistaken souls, had expected to live forever. It turned out that they were not Princesses after all; merely six nobodies. The worst of it was that not one of them seriously lamented this circumstance. Moina fancied that she should enjoy her scissors, her thimble, her needle, quite as much when stripped of her title, as she had done with it. Reima went on painting a portrait of the Queen from memory, and found consolation in the task. Mosella and Papeta set to music many plaintive little songs, composed by Novella after the first days of speechless agony were over, and their plebeian hands and voices made as sweet melody as ever. Novella began a long poem,

wherein she tried to prove that life is a dream; only, being a genius, she did it in an original way. Delicieuse looked charming in her simple black dress, and, softened and sanctified by suffering, was more attractive, more lovely than ever.

"My dear children," said the Countess Reynosa, "I foresaw this day, and made provision for it. In the first place, I avoided introducing boys into the palace, for what might prove only temporary grandeur. Less flexible, more ambitious than girls, reverses would have been a far greater shock to them than to you. In the second place, I selected each of you with a reasonable prospect that you would inherit the gifts and graces of the parents who gave you birth. In this hope I have not been disappointed. Last of all, I ever urged the Queen to educate you, as far as possible, to find happiness in each other, and in the exercise of the gifts with which you were endowed by Nature. You are, therefore, almost entirely independent of this people, by whom the well-known designs of the King and Queen for you, are set at nought."

"All I want," said Novella, "is some little corner where I can read and write, and have no trouble about dress, or talk about etiquette."

"As for me, I shall travel in foreign lands," said Reima, "study the old masters, and perfect myself in my art. Royalty, under such circumstances, would only be a burden. I shall then settle down somewhere, and spend my life in painting."

"And we shall devote ourselves to music," said Mosella and Papeta, "and forget the court, and all its tiresome observances."

"Meanwhile I will see that you are all clothed neatly," said Moina.

"That is the first sensible speech I have heard yet," said the Countess. "Pray, my dear Novella, while you sit reading and writing, who is to shelter and who to feed you? And you, Reima, how will you travel? On foot?"

The twain looked a little foolish, but not half so anxious as penniless maidens ought to have looked.

"Well, well, you are not quite destitute," continued the Countess. "You have the gifts presented you at your christening, and other personal property. You can, with their help, secure a home where you can all live together, or you can separate, and each face the world for herself."

"Oh let us all keep together," said Delicieuse, "and live exactly as we have done."

"And have you a palace for this purpose, my child?"

It was now the turn of Delicieuse to look foolish.

"You shall live with me, darling," said Reima, "and so shall Moina. All the others can take care of themselves, or join us, as they like."

"But we shall want Moina and Delicieuse to live with us!" cried the two musicians.

"That would leave me quite alone," said Novella, "and that I could not think of. I do not know how to manage a needle, nor what to wear. And in my hours of weariness and sadness, no one can cheer and arouse me like Delicieuse."

Thus there was the same strife for the possession of the useless as of the useful sister.

"I see how it is," said Reynosa. "You must live together. Each feels herself incomplete without the others. Novella needs somebody to take care of her and somebody in love. In return, she will give love and endless entertainment. Reima, too, needs looking after, and some one who will watch with a friendly eye the growth of her paintings. Our two musicians must not become one-sided by thinking only of melody and of song. They must enjoy being clothed by Moina's kind hands, listening to Novella's poems, and discussing Reima's works. And you must all train your ears to appreciate the talents of these two marvelous creatures who sing and play with such rare, such exquisite harmony."

"And what shall I do?" cried Delicieuse.

"You shall do a little of every thing, dear child. You shall help Moina to guide the house, and Reima to mix the colors. You shall take care that the piano is never out of tune, or Novella at a loss for pens and paper. In a word, you shall be what you always have been, always ready with the oil of gladness, wherever you see friction, the sweetest, the most lovable creature in the world."

Delicieuse smiled, and ran to embrace all her sisters, hardly knowing which she loved best.

It was not long before these royal maidens, royal only in their virtues and their talents, found themselves in a home in a vine-clad land, where each could live as Nature had designed she should live.

Moina, whose practical skill was not confined to her needle, kept the house with such exquisite care and neatness, that her sisters preferred it to a palace. She found happiness in forgetting herself, in her pride in them, and in the freedom from petty cares from which she shielded them.

Her calm, serene character was a continual repose to the varying moods of Reima and Novella; a balance-wheel to works that, running fast, often ran irregularly. Reima studied the old masters with no need for further travel, for her home lay among their works.

Mosella and Papeta composed music, made Delicieuse listen to and admire it when other hearers were wanting, and were satisfied with her criticisms.

Novella wrote books, and had her frenzies. She had her gentle and her gay moods, also, and made laughter ring through the house at her will. Not one of these four was conscious of

her powers, or asked for fame. Nor did their aristocratic breeding make them ashamed to work for their bread. They even fancied that bread thus won, needed less butter to help it down, than that of charity.

As to Delicieuse, she was the bright, the golden link that bound the household together in peace and harmony. Her smiles, her caresses, the love that flowed forth from her as from a living fountain, made their home glad with perpetual sunshine. Thank God for the gifts of genius He has scattered abroad with a bountiful hand; but thank Him also that, without such gifts, one may become a joy and a benediction!

E. P.

THE "ONCE UPON A TIME CLUB."

OUR SAILOR-BOY'S STORY OF A CRUISE IN THE "SURF."

"Yes, I know this is my turn to spin a yarn — *my turn*, just as if a fellow can get off a story as he might fire off a gun or right-about face — at the word of command."

"Well, you know, MacGray, that is the way in our club. It was resolved we should make a circle, and commence with Hazelteen to go round, each with a story."

"Yes, I know it, but it was a foolish arrangement. A fellow ought to tell a story when he feels like it — when it comes *popping* out. The 'Once upon a Time Club,' or any other story-telling club, ought to be a sort of basket-of-champagne affair, and when some occasion or subject turns off the wires, then pop will come the cork; but we corkscrew a story out of a poor chap deliberately at a fixed time, whether he has any fizz in him at the time or not. However, law is law, and I shall not mutiny."

By the way MacGray would have had our club managed, I am afraid that at some meetings we should have been without entertainment, whilst at others, two or three would have each a story to tell at the same moment.

This meeting of our club was in December, I think — not long before the Christmas holidays. The sports of early winter, coasting, skating, and sleighing, had so filled up our play-hours, and the closer studies of the second term had so occupied the evenings, that several weeks passed away without the members of the "Once Upon a Time" coming together in the manner we so much enjoyed. At bed-time all were too tired for any

thing but sleep. On this occasion, however, there was a furious, driving snow-storm, and a dark, cold afternoon, and we gathered in a recitation-room to enjoy ourselves with a story before the five o'clock bell should ring for evening prayers. Snow and hail pattered in windy gusts against the glass, but the little cracked stove, with one broken leg held up and tired out of all patience by days and weeks of Latin declensions, Greek measures, Algebraic equations, Geometrical figures, Paley's Philosophy, and French recitations, not a word of which it understood, probably, glowed ruddily to welcome the dear old "Once Upon a Time" comrades in the small circle of its warmth. That crippled old dwarf of a stove, I always thought, had a sympathy with and fondness for us boys; but for the teachers, one and all, it seemed to entertain an obstinate dislike. When the mathematical teacher entered with a class, it generally managed to choke up with ashes and grow cold. With another master, no sooner did his classical hand try to arrange a draught, than it threw off a current of gas. And for poor Monsieur Alphonse, whom it particularly despised as a foreigner, it managed to crack and burn many pairs of long-toed boots, and once went so far in its belligerence as to singe off the rear extremities of a long alpaca coat he was wont to wear. The few pleasant moments in its slavish, melancholy life, were on the rare occasions, when, after school-hours, some jolly young rascals loafed into its neighborhood to talk of sports, and homes, and fights — to ar-

range some adventure or practical joke — to hear a song, or, as now, a story. In study hours, too, it was sometimes brought to rejoice, when some reckless, mutinous boy would give it a pinch of snuff, a piece of onion, or a few grains of pepper, to cook up for the nostrils of our taskmasters. How thoroughly it would do it. This afternoon it was more pleased even than common to see us, — seemed as if it were about to execute a hot little jig on its three short legs and spread feet, and really drew so many rejoicing breaths and whiffs of delight, that in ten minutes it was quite red in the face.

Horace MacGray, yet, after nearly two years of boarding-school discipline, retaining many habits and attitudes of sailor life, lounged on a backless chair as if it were a capstan, close over the hot dwarf, — the story-teller's throne as it were. We others sprawled on the desks, the benches, and the floor.

After the few words of protestation against our club's rule of calling on its members in regular order for contributions to its amusement, which protest some one of us had answered, MacGray, taking up the short, bent poker, and eyeing the old stove steadily for a few moments, sailed into his story, heavily at first, as if the anchors yet dragged, but afterward with all sail set, a smile here for a pennant, and a wave of the poker there, as he saluted some memory in sailing by.

"My last cruise was in the U. S. brig *Surf*. It was the year before I came here, and we sailed from Portsmouth on the 19th October. I remember the day well, — a regular autumn scudder as fierce as this; but we ran to sea in the face of the storm, and knocked about all night in a way to frighten lubbers. There was no use for it. We might better have lain in port twenty-four hours longer, for by that time all was serene again, whilst we had only made a short offing, and had lost a couple of spars. But Captain Spard was a testy old fellow, who was never quiet and always in a hurry. He no doubt took that blow from the southeast as a personal affront, and though orders left it to his discretion when to sail, yet as the little brig was ready, old Spard was particularly irritated at the weather's presumption, and ran out to resent the insult. As I said, he carried away some spars by his want of patience, but what cared he for spars when he was in a rage or a hurry? Spars! why, he did n't care for lives. They say he has hurried, with his threats and curses, many a young one off the yards; and I remember the

yarn of how his tearing impatience once caused the death of a young mid, and how, when the red-hot old Captain brought his craft in port, the boy's father challenged him. They fought, and burst my top-sail if Skyrocket did n't, in his haste and fury, fire before the word. He missed, — good for him, — and the poor mid's father calmly put an half-ounce bullet somewhere in the Captain's thigh. Our brig was a mighty small affair, but she was snug, and her cabin appointments on a fine scale, for she was much used for just what Captain Spard, of all others, detested, — what they call in the Navy, government errands. This time we were to bring a United States minister, or consul, and his family, back to his government, from —.

"After the gale in which we went to sea, we bowled along well enough, always under every inch of canvas that could be bent on. Every piece of wood or metal was kept like an old maid's kitchen, and not a man or boy in that vessel had ever time to fill a pipe or cut a quid, except in his sleep. There was 'Old Fire Unquenchable,' as we had got to call him, always on deck, restless as a caged beast. Back and forth he stamped, the leg with the bullet dragging a little, hurrying officers, hurrying men, eyeing the sails, peering over the sides, and sometimes really acting as if he meant to jump overboard and help the brig along. The *Surf* was not slow either. She could make as clear a wake as any craft I have ever sailed in. However, busy above and below decks, and the stanch little brig always on the drive, we reached the line in a hurry, and without incident. But then, as the sun set on the fifteenth day of our voyage, the wind died down to a calm. Captain Spard had probably looked for this, — dreaded it. At any rate, when a hot moon rolled up, and the faintest puff of air was lost, the old man just ripped out about two yards of oaths, and went below. There he stayed for sixty hours, whilst the first officer whistled in a whisper on the quarter-deck. It must have been as great relief to him as to us to have such a driver drop the reins. I used to wonder in those nearly three days, — when the brig rolled slowly but deeply, when the sails flapped and flapped, when the spars creaked and the chains rattled to every weary rock of the idle craft, when there was no splash of water for'ard nor ripple aft, and sky and sea seemed melting together in some molten liquid, — I used to wonder in real amazement what Captain Spard could be doing in his cabin — was he ill, or chained, or drugged with opium? What could keep him

there inactive? I could not conceive of that small, sharp, erect, tightly buttoned flame of a figure, the face all on fire with energy, and the naval cap pulled on just as if he must keep down the fire somehow — I could not conceive nor believe of that man as quiet in a cabin for sixty hours. Yet he was quiet, and from some blabbing officer it was told over and over, until it reached the smallest boy in the fore-castle, that when Captain Spard went below, he called to the steward for three toddies. They were brought, and he undressed as he drank them. Then, slipping on a silk cap and long night-dress, he gave orders for a strict watch on deck, and to call him at the first breath of wind, and turned in. They said, too, that he slept the sixty hours without turning over, and when the calm changed in ten or fifteen minutes, from a deathlike stillness to the roaring charge of one of those tropical hurricanes, with only the herald of a small, white, drifting cloud, Captain Spard popped on deck as tightly dressed and fiercely on fire as ever, at the first moment, and had the brig nearly under bare poles — with only a close-reefed foretop-sail, storm stay-sail, and a balance-reefed mainsail set on the ship — when the wind struck her. The *Surf* took it bravely, and rode it out without a scratch. In about a fortnight more we made our port, and on the twentieth of November were at anchor, as trim as a pretty girl, in the harbor of —. You may bet your buttons that old Spard was a sailor, if he was the crossiest, hardest, most unmerciful, hottest-headed sea-serpent that ever cruised the ocean.

"Whilst we are riding at easy anchor in that beautiful bay, the well-built city stretching in a semicircle half a mile from the brig, I will tell you of some two or three others in our vessel beside Captain Spard. There was our first officer, Mr. Breese, who belied his name, and was in every thing but seamanship the very opposite of our Captain. He was a young man, not more than twenty-seven, — small, handsome, good-natured, lazy, very popular among the men, and a splendid sailor, — as brave as old Spard, but as calm and easy as the Captain was restless and severe. Nevertheless, the old man respected his first officer, and, because of a certain quiet force of the latter, treated him with consideration. The second officer was a Mr. King, a dark, sentimental-looking man of about thirty-five. He was a bachelor, very reserved and haughty. He appeared to be on the most distant terms with his officer messmates, and the men laughed at his foppishness, for he was a regular sea-dandy, always

in full tigger. But like many of that kind on sea or land, as I have noticed in my experience knocking about, he was a blooded one. What do I mean by that? Why, plucky as need be, and apt to surprise fellows who presumed on his ball-room appearance.

"Then, among others, was a midshipman, very green, and on his first *float*, but the heartiest, gayest-spirited chap in his mess, with always a side-joke and a pleasant look for the men or boys. He was a good one, and his name was Perry; but we always called him among ourselves, and I don't know why, 'Peaches.'

"Of the crew, A No. 1, was a man who was known as 'Richard the Gentleman.' What his name was on the brig's papers, I never knew. He was a man of thirty years of age, a gentleman by birth and education, who shipped in this way for the spree or adventure of the thing, or for some other reason only known to himself; but he was a gentleman, and not by assumption, but because he could not help it. Easy and free as any of his fellows, he never demeaned himself by fore-castle vulgarity or profanity, and he was the best sailor and handsomest man in the *Surf*. We boys found in him a teacher, an example, and a defender. The jolliest companion, and the best hand aloft or on deck, was 'Richard the Gentleman.'

"We had to wait for a week at anchor. Mr. Hodgson, the minister, not expecting our arrival so soon, was unable to get his family and property immediately on board. No sooner were we in harbor-order, and the Captain's respects paid to our distinguished to-be passenger, than Old Spard, relapsing from his sailing impatience and excitement, gave orders to his officers, and, fortified by several drinks, turned in comfortably for one of his wonderful sleeps, from which he did not awake until our guests were on board, and sail was to be made for home. Then he suddenly popped on deck, fresh at a word, and buttoned up briskly, to crack on all sail, and make us work as few of Uncle Sam's brave defenders had to work. There was no skulking or dallying in the *Surf*. Apoplectic with furious energy, old Spard sharpened his eyes and his oaths for a run home. Poor old Spard! he carried too much steam in his boiler, unfortunately for him and us, as events soon proved. As the land faded behind us, and the southwest wind filled every sail tight as a drumhead, we sailors had a view of the honorable ambassador and family, as a bland, portly, gray-haired gentleman stepped from the companion-way to light his after-dinner cigar, and con-

voy a fleet of three ladies on a quarter-deck lounge. Our first officer, too, was with them, bowing and laughing, pointing out the dim line of coast behind, and indicating the course ahead. One of the ladies was stiff, thin, and elderly. She kept very close to the two younger ones, as Mr. Breese made himself agreeable to them, and tried now and then to snub our first officer's easy enjoyment by very cold and measured remarks. You see I was just below them, polishing the aft starboard twelve-pounder, — we carried four of those, and a pivot thirty-two pounder, — and from my place could hear and see well. The old gentleman left the girls to enjoy themselves with our pleasant lieutenant, but the old woman (the girls' aunt, as I soon discovered) seemed to think it her duty to be as much in the way as possible. But Mr. Breese did not seem to mind it, and he would have been a fool indeed had he lowered his colors with two such prizes in company. My eyes, boys, you ought to have seen those girls! I have never before or since seen any thing so pretty. They were rosy, and plump, and fresh, and graceful, and so modest and smiling, that I just forgot all about the dear little twelve-pounder as I watched them eagerly listening to Mr. Breese, sometimes laughing, sometimes thoughtful, looking aloft or over the sea, and making gestures with little dimpled hands as graceful as the dives of baby porpoises. The one I supposed the youngest — she was not as large as her sister, and had longer black lashes and a rosier mouth — called the other 'Rose,' and Rose called her 'Bertie,' — Rose and Bertie Hodgson. Well, from that time I used often to see them on deck, sometimes escorted by Mr. Breese, and sometimes by Mr. King; and do you know that in a week's time I believed that both those gentlemen were in love with the minister's daughters. I believe Captain Spard thought so too, for, though he never came within ten yards of the ladies, he began to eye them angrily from wherever he paced the decks, and to speak quicker to the officers, and to watch the sky and barometer, as if he wanted a storm to drive the petticoats below decks. It was evidently riling the old man that any one on board the brig was enjoying himself — that any one had time to speak to a woman, when every thought should be given to pushing the ship. He would constantly call out to any officer who happened to be with the Miss Hodgsons, and order him to do this or that which was entirely unnecessary. The fact was, that the presence of those two beautiful girls did interfere with the brig's discipline. Of-

ten have I seen men loitering aloft, as they lay out on the foot-ropes reefing or mending, watching the pretty pictures on deck rather than the work at hand; and, never mind what was doing, if the young ladies were above decks, the men were constantly stealing glances at them. Our favorite midshipman, 'Peaches,' I often saw now sighing and taking dejected attitudes, as he held by the shrouds and divided his attention between sad glances at the waves and anxious looks to where the pretty sisters sat or stood. The beautiful girls were enchanters indeed, I felt sure, when I caught 'Richard the Gentleman' swelling out his chest and eying jealously, or at least enviously, his officer, Mr. King. And what else do you suppose our model sailor was led to do? Why, one evening, just after six bells, when we were barely moving on the water, so light was the wind, Miss Bertie Hodgson, who was standing alone aft, and not far from the wheel, dropped over the side her little straw hat which she had held by a string from her finger. As it fluttered to the water, she gave a slight scream. Richard, who happened to be for'ard making fast a halliard or tricing-line, had seen the loss and heard the pitiful little cry. I don't know where our Captain was at that moment, but Mr. Breese was going toward Miss Bertie, and he was in charge of the deck. At any rate, Richard dropped his work, and went over the side in a jiffy. He swam astern, picked up the hat, and returned to beneath the for'ard starboard port-hole, from which Mr. Breese had ordered the men to throw him a line. Climbing lightly on board, and shaking off the water, he touched his cap to his officer, who advanced before Miss Hodgson to take the wet straw hat, and passed him to hand it himself with a bow to the young lady, who fully rewarded him with a beaming smile and the warmly spoken words, 'Thank you, thank you, brave sailor; but I am so sorry you should have taken so much trouble and danger just to save my hat.' Mr. Breese, because of his love for Miss Bertie — and it was evident it was the younger sister who had conquered him — had to keep the affair quiet, but I verily believe that had it met old Spard's eyes or ears, 'Richard the Gentleman' would have been triced up for a flogging.

"After a week or ten days, there came a succession of gales from the north and northeast, that greatly hindered our voyage, and proportionally enraged Captain Spard, and his way of doing seemed bound to prove the truth of 'more haste less speed;' for he would never bate a stitch of

canvas until the bending yards threatened to snap. I remember that one day, in one of the squalls of that stormy week, I saw the fore-yard bending like a hickory, and was expecting every moment to see something go, when Mr. Breeze stepped up to the Captain and remonstrated with him for his recklessness, suggesting that some of the lighter sails should be taken in; but the old man turned upon him as if he would have struck him, and with an oath, ordered him to go about his business. Hardly a minute passed before we heard a loud report, and with a whiz the foretop-sail flew out of the bolt-ropes, and vanished in the gale. Then of course the helm had to be put up quickly, the bare yard lowered, and the rags clewed up. Every day the Captain grew uglier, fiercer, and more impatient. The men led dog's lives, and the officers fared harshly, until we began to say 'The Captain is mad,' little suspecting how soon it should be proved so. The rough weather blew itself out, and we ran, with but few scars left, into easy sailing, with fair winds and sparkling seas. The ladies and our ambassador got about again, the love-making recommenced, and every thing but the Captain was as comfortable as could be wished, when something occurred which was the forerunner of greater misfortune. We were twenty days out, and bowling along for our home port as nicely as ever brig did, with an easy sea and clear sky, when, one morning, having edged my work near to my favorite position — by one of the after guns — for seeing and hearing the interesting love-play on the deck where our honorable passengers lived, I heard Miss Rose Hodgson — Bertie and the aunt had not come up yet, and Miss Rose had seemed unusually delighted to meet Mr. King — I heard Miss Rose say, after some other conversation much more tender and interesting, 'But, Mr. King, where is your respected old *Mercury*? I have not seen his fiery face, or even heard his angry voice, since early last evening.' — 'Captain Spard? Did you not hear that he was taken sick yesterday? but I expected to see him up this morning. He complained of headache and some fever.' Miss Rose laughed, and made some joke or other about the fever being chronic, and that our Captain ought to be a steamer's engineer rather than what he was; but I only caught it indistinctly, and had then to move away with my swab, for the boatswain was moving that way. At about two bells that afternoon, there was very little wind — only enough to save us from a calm — and the ship was very quiet; a few men for'ard mending sail, and a few

mid-ship scraping and painting. 'Richard the Gentleman' was on watch in the foretop, and Miss Rose sat in the shadow of a sail aft, reading, whilst her father was snoring on a mattress. I was loafing behind a gun, and watching Miss Rose's beautiful face, and also with what a dark and sad lover's glance Mr. King, the officer on watch, was regarding her from his short, quarter-deck walk, when suddenly a figure, which I did not immediately recognize, appeared on the deck, out of sight of Lieutenant King just then, as his walk took him beyond the sail, but directly in front, and not more than twenty feet from Miss Hodgson, who had not yet raised her eyes from her book to discover the apparition — for so it seemed, in the suddenness and fearful grotesqueness of its appearance. It was Captain Spard, a large white towel tied about his head, a full, long dressing-gown, very ragged, hanging to below his knees, and below that were the white drawers tied above his bare feet and ankles. His face was fiery red, and swollen, and his eyes seemed ablaze. He stood only a second thus, his eyes fixed in frenzy on Miss Hodgson, and then, as he advanced a few steps very slowly and noiselessly with his hands extended, as if to seize her, she seemed still unconscious of his presence. But of a sudden her eyes rose to his as we all heard the cry come clearly from 'Richard the Gentleman' from his post for'ard and aloft, — 'Mr. King — look out — quick!' and as Mr. King sprang forward to Miss Rose's side, the Captain rushed for her with the words, 'You hag — you hag — I'll strangle you!' but the lieutenant stepped before the dreadfully frightened girl, and said with a terrible expression, — 'Not another step, at your peril.' As quickly as the words were spoken, the Captain raised his arm over his head, ready to strike, as if he had a cutlas in hand, — and — fell back senseless on the deck. He was mad — crazy as a loon. Four men, by Mr. King's order, carried him to his state-room. In two days more, we heard that the Captain was getting all right again; that he had gone, according to the surgeon's report, into a temporary delirium, because of a fever which was now leaving him, and that he would be well and on deck again in a few days.

And so he was. In a week's time Captain Spard was on deck again, as natural in looks, oaths, and impatience, as ever. We were approaching the Florida Reefs, and the old man was always on deck, leaving nothing to his officers, and sparing no canvas. There were calms and baffling winds, and occasional squalls. The cur-

rents, too, 'Richard the Gentleman' told us, were drifting us hither and thither, until we might enter the Gulf Stream. And the cruise was long, and all the obstacles were worrying old Spard to death, while passengers, officers, and men, grew impatient, fearing they might not reach port by Christmas, or even by New Year's Day. There were four days nearly before the twenty-fifth; with a spanking breeze from any quarter not north, northeast, or northwest, we might run into Portsmouth by Christmas-day. The old-maid aunt sympathized with the Captain's restlessness; the ambassador watched the weather as he might have studied the countenances of a cabinet; the young ladies and officers discussed the chances of blazing wood-fires and merry dances in the holidays, and the crew began to whistle for a fair wind, and swear because it came not.

"On the afternoon of the twenty-second the wind came out strong and fair from the south-west by south, and if there was ever a rejoicing crew it was that of the *Surf*. It held, and was stronger on the twenty-third. We were as earnest as our old man now for studding-sails, gaff-top-sails, and flying jib, but they had to be taken in before four bells that afternoon. We had not gotten a good observation in three days, the sky had been so misty or cloudy, but that caused no uneasiness. 'Old Spard knew what he was about.' The morning of the twenty-fourth of December came, the wind about the same, and the sky no clearer. Old Spard for two days and two nights now had not left the deck, and yet, as we were getting along so finely, why must he be always there, pacing so quickly and unhaltingly, looking so unquiet, muttering his oaths? I heard 'Peaches' say, with a laugh, that he would bet *some one* was going mad again, but I guess no one else thought so, and I doubt if 'Peaches' himself did. The ladies were merry enough, and in every chance for a chat, the first and second officers seemed more devoted than ever. About noon that day, as I heard afterward, Mr. Breese asked the Captain if our course was not too westerly; — that, if the wind should freshen to a gale, would we have offing enough, should the wind come out fierce to the eastward, as it is like to do at this season, after a southerly hold? and he added, too, that we did not know our position. 'Don't we?' replied the Captain, testily, and with a sneer, stopping at the same time in his march — 'don't we? I beg your pardon, Mr. Breese, I do to a fathom, and we shall be *ashore* soon, so don't trouble yourself. I command here

at present.' A strange answer, and strangely given — why the Captain's displeasure? According to Mr. Breese's calculation, we were off the Florida coast, rather close too, and could not reach port and be ashore, even if the wind held as it was, in less than two days. However, he had had no observation, and the Captain must surely be right. At any rate, he must obey — not meddle.

"The afternoon wore on, the wind yet fresh and fair, blowing nearly half a gale. As the sun went down, clouds came out of the north and north-west in broken rifts, that promised a storm for the morrow. The moon rose soon after, and by the time she had climbed an hour high, the clouds, that had then spread in patches over most of the sky, obscured her face from minute to minute, and were shadowed on the sea and on our decks. At the change of watch, 'Richard the Gentleman' took his turn at the wheel, and our passengers, who had been enjoying the early night on deck, went below. Except the watch and our Captain, there was no one above deck. Old Spard continued his tigerish prowling up and down, like a caged beast, every now and then approaching the helmsman to peer at the compass' face by the binnacle, and see that the course he had ordered was exactly held to. Soon his walk confined itself to short, quick turns, close to the helmsman. Half an hour perhaps from the change of watch, the startling cry came from the foretop, 'Breakers ahead!' — 'Where away?' was the response. 'On the starboard quarter!' — 'Come down from there, you lubber,' yelled our Captain in a rage that was boiling; 'send a man aloft, Simmons, who can see and not lie.' Now, that fitful, uncertain light of a quarter moon, through scudding clouds, and on a chopping sea, is very bewildering, and we on deck could see no breakers, nor could we hear the sound of them. But the wind was not from the west, as you know, and the clouds were driving against our surface wind. By the time the fresh man was at his post aloft, Mr. King and the passengers in the cabin, who had heard the Captain's loud words, had hurried to the deck, the young ladies much frightened, I suppose. In a moment the cry came again, 'Breakers ahead!' and Old Spard, with a jump of rage, shouted, 'You lie.' A quick, earnest conversation, that I could not make out, but in which I heard the voice of Mr. King and some oaths of the Captain, was broken by the sudden, and this time urgent, call of the watch again, — 'Breakers — breakers — on the starboard quarter!' and in

the momentary silence succeeding, we now heard clearly the roar. I looked of course to the quarter indicated, and then back in a second to the group aft. Old Spard had a pistol in each hand! One was pointed at 'Richard the Gentleman,' and as the Captain stood motionless for once, not a sound coming on the instant from the amazed group before him, I heard the mad words from Old Spard, 'Alter your course half a point, and you are a dead man!' How long things remained in that condition I can't say — perhaps not a minute, but it seemed an hour before Mr. Breese came running from somewhere, and as Mr. King shouted some order, I saw Richard swinging the wheel around with a rush. A flash and a report! The wheel was its own master. Mr. King jumped and seized it as the dying man's hands slid off. Spard's other pistol covered him; but as it fell to its aim, Miss Rose Hodgson threw herself with a shriek directly before our mad Captain. It all passed in a flash. There, as the brave girl rushed between her lover and the murderous maniac, Mr. King with all his strength was striving to carry out the heroism of 'Richard the Gentleman' and turn the brig from destruction, whilst Mr. Breese charged fiercely on his Captain, to tear the weapon from his grasp. But as quickly as the movement of Miss Rose,

the whole scene changed. The fierceness of crazy old Spard changed to a delirium of fear. His raised arm dropped, the pistol fell to the deck and exploded. Then, rushing from the beautiful girl with the horrible cry, — 'You cursed hag! but you have not got me yet!' — he leaped over the bulwarks into the sea. In this time of extreme peril to the brig, it was impossible to think of saving the madman who had caused our danger, and when, by the coolness and skill of our officers, our vessel was placed in comparative security, the last spark of fire in Old Spard must have been quenched in the ocean. When the wind fell and the sky cleared at midnight, noble 'Richard the Gentleman' was breathing his last. At his home and ours, and over every Christian land, bells were pealing with gladdest rejoicing. Poor Richard! while we, turned from our danger, were, as Christmas came in, set on a safe course with thankful hearts.

"I wonder where 'Peaches' is now, — 'Peaches,' who kept choking down sobs all that Christmas-day. Pooh! he was too tender-hearted for a sailor.

"Breese commands a frigate now, and both he and Mr. King are married men. I thought it would be so when we ran into Portsmouth a few days after."

VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

ANOTHER STORY OF DORY AND DORA.

PART II.

As soon as we arrived at Manton I put up the horse at the tavern, and inquired immediately for the house where Dora's mother lived. I am not going to tell you what her name was, for fear that Dora might not like it. Indeed, Manton is not the real name of the town, but only a name that I made up instead of the real name. I don't wish any body to know even the name of the town that Dora lives in.

Well, after we had got the direction, we went to the house. It was a very pretty house, white, with green blinds, and very pretty yards and gardens around it. It was only one storey high, but there seemed to be some attic rooms above, for there was a window open in the end toward the yard, and some children looking out. There were also some girls and boys standing on the door-steps and about the yard, with baskets in their hands.

"Susie," says I, "it looks as if they were going on a picnic."

"Or perhaps they are going a-blackberrying," said Susie.

"No," said I, "it is too early for blackberries, — or for any other kind of berries, in fact. It must be a picnic."

There was one girl taller than the rest — almost tall enough, in fact, to be a young lady — who was standing on the steps with her back toward us when we came into the yard. She was very prettily dressed. One of the smaller girls who stood near her, when she saw us coming, pulled her dress and called to her to look at us.

"Josephine!" says she, "Josephine! look round and see who's coming."

Josephine turned with a pettish air toward the little girl, and said, "Don't pull my dress. I don't care *who* it is!" But the moment her

eyes fell on Susie and me, her face changed, and she looked polite. I suppose she did not wish to let such a nice girl as Susie see her looking so cross. I don't wonder, for she did not look pretty at all when she looked cross; but when she looked pleasant she was very pretty indeed.

She stood still, facing us all the time until we came up to the steps, and then she asked me whether we wanted to see Dora. I told her we did. Just then Dora's mother came to the door. She had seen us coming, and she came out to meet us. She seemed very glad to see me, and led us into the house and into the parlor. She gave me a seat on the sofa, and took Susie up in her lap.

After talking with us for a minute or two, she said that Dora was up in her room; that there was a picnic party forming, and the place of meeting was Dora's room; that if Susie and I would like to go on the picnic the whole party would be much pleased; and that at any rate we might go up into Dora's room if we liked, and see the children that were assembled there. Josephine would show us the way.

"Yes," said Josephine, "come with me. I'll show you the way."

So we went up into Dora's room. It was a charming little chamber. There was a bed in a little recess that extended under the roof, with very pretty curtains before it. There was only one window, but that was pretty large, and had a charming prospect; and there were curtains to it to match those before the recess for the bed. There was a pretty desk near the window, with Dora's writing materials upon it, and a small vase for flowers. In the middle of the room was a pretty large table which was covered now with baskets and picnic things of various kinds, and girls and boys were standing around the table, arranging and packing the things.

Dora seemed very glad to see me again, and she gave me a very good welcome. She did not look sick now, as she did on the night of the snow-storm. She had got well, in fact, and was now as rosy, and looked as happy, as any girl. Still she was very quiet in her manners, and rather reserved,—very different from Josephine, who was very talkative, and seemed to feel entirely at her ease with every body. I liked Dora all the better because she *was* a little reserved.

I thought that some of the children that were there were rather too small to go on a picnic, but I soon found that the little ones were not going. The plan was for them to stay and play in the yards and garden, and to have a table spread for

them with things to eat, in a large summer-house that was there. Susie concluded to stay with these; and when all was arranged, the rest of us, including all the largest boys and girls, set off together, walking along the road with the baskets in our hands.

We had a very nice time at the picnic, and enjoyed ourselves very much. I got acquainted with a great many of the boys and girls, and I liked them well. I must say first, however, that Josephine, though she was a very pretty girl, and was very lively and witty, and though at first I liked her very much, began pretty soon to be a little troublesome. She seemed to want to have all the largest boys to be all the time waiting upon her. She would send one after another to gather particular flowers that she saw, or ask them to climb up into trees to see if there were any eggs or little birds in the nests that she found. If a boy was walking and talking with any other girl, she would make some pretext for calling him to her, as if she wished to break up the conversation, and secure his attentions for herself. I did not like that kind of management very much, you may depend. Still Josephine was a very pretty girl, and very entertaining, and I walked with her and talked with her a good deal, and I liked her very well after all.

After we had got through with our picnic, we set out on our return home, bringing with us the empty baskets. The boys had the big baskets to carry, and the girls the small ones. But just before we set out, Josephine put her basket into mine. She said I could carry hers in mine just as well as not. I had offered a minute or two before to take Dora's basket for her, but she would not give it to me. She said it was enough for me to carry my own. Josephine said she could not carry hers very well, for she wanted both her hands for her flowers. She was gathering a large bouquet of flowers. When she saw any that she thought were pretty, she would send one of the boys after them,—no matter in what difficult or dangerous places they might be growing. She would send them across bogs and in among thorns, and make them climb over sharp picketed fences. The more trouble she could make them take to get the flowers for her, the better she seemed to be pleased.

There was one very wild and romantic place that we had to pass on our way home. The path led along a narrow ledge, with a steep, irregular precipice of broken rocks rising to a great height on one side, and a deep chasm, with a roaring brook at the bottom of it, on the other.

I was walking a little behind with Dora, when we observed that the others had all stopped, and that Josephine was pointing to something high up on the precipice. It was a very pretty cluster of flowers growing out from a crevice, and hanging over the edge of the cliff. There was a lily growing in the midst of a cluster of beautiful blue flowers, which, with the green leaves below, produced a charming effect. Josephine had been showing it to some of the boys, and trying to persuade them to climb up and get it for her. But they did not dare to do it.

"Never mind," said she, when she saw us coming near. "Here's Dory. He'll go and get it for me, I'm sure. He is not a coward. It is the prettiest cluster of flowers growing together that I ever saw in my life. It makes a perfect bouquet of itself alone."



I looked up at the flowers. The place was very high, and the way to it was very steep and craggy. Still I thought I could get up there, if I were to try; but I did not like being sent up in that way.

"Come, girls," said she, "coax him to go. Then we'll divide the blue flowers among us."

The girls began to talk about it, while Dora spoke in a low tone to me, so that nobody else should hear,—

"No, Dory," said she, "don't go. I am afraid you might fall; and for my part I don't want any of the blue flowers."

I had hesitated about going when Josephine wished to send me, but the moment that I heard what Dora said, I determined what to do.

"I'll try, Josephine," said I, "on condition that you will all go on along the road, and not stop to look at me. I don't want you to see me fail and give up, if I find I can't get the flowers."

"But you may fall," said Dora, "and then there will be nobody here to help you."

But I told her that she need not be afraid that I should fall. I would be very careful, and not go where it was not perfectly safe. The only danger was that I should fail of reaching the flowers, and that they would see me coming along after them with my hands empty.

"Only," says I, "Dora, if you'll be kind enough to exchange baskets with me, and let me take yours, which is small."

"I'll take them both," said Dora. So she was going to take mine, which was a pretty big one, and, moreover, had Josephine's inside, and also keep her own. I said "No," and gave her a meaning look, which seemed to say that I had some reason for wishing to take her basket. Now Dora is a kind of girl that understands very quickly, and when you wish her to do any thing, she thinks you have some good reason for it, even if she does not know what it is, and she complies at once. So she gave me her basket, and took mine. Josephine ought to have offered to carry my basket, as it was hers, inside, that made it heavy,—and as I was going up the cliffs, as she thought, for her,—but she did n't. So they all went on, and left me to climb up the rocks.

It was a pretty hard climb, and I had a very roundabout way to go, in some places, where the rocks were the steepest. In one place I had to climb up a tree which grew out of a big crevice and went up straight by a smooth face of the rock, and then creep over by one of the branches to a ledge above.

I met with a good many other difficulties, but

finally I got up to where the flowers were. I reached out, and clutching the whole bunch in one hand, and holding my knife in the other, I cut them all off together, well down below the top of the ground. Then with a fine twine which I had in my pocket, I tied them together round the stems, just as they grew. Then I put them in Dora's basket, which I had kept with me all the time, and put grass around them, to pack them and keep them from shaking about or getting jammed. I took out a piece of paper from my little pocket-book, and wrote on it, *Gathered from the rocks for Dora*, and put it in the basket, among the flowers, and then shut the cover down to keep all out of sight.

I had hard work to get down again with the basket, safe, for I needed both my hands in the bad places, especially in coming down the tree. I had to hang the basket about my neck, by means of a piece of the twine. At length I got back to the path, and then I walked on as fast as I could after the party. I soon overtook them, for they were going on very slowly. They stopped and looked back when they heard me coming. I walked along quite slowly, swinging the basket as I came, and trying to look a little mortified and ashamed, — as if I had not been able to get the flowers, — I had the basket in my left hand. Of course my right hand was empty.

"Hoh! Dory," said Josephine. "You could not get them. I thought you were a better climber."

"No," said I, "I don't pretend to be much of a climber."

I think I *am* a pretty good climber in fact, — though I don't mean to make any pretensions about it.

"I don't believe you really tried," said Josephine. "It was not so very high after all."

"And you thought," said one of the boys, "that he could climb better than any of us."

"Oh no," said L. "Or at least I did not think so. Very likely if some of you had gone, you would have got the flowers."

"I have a great mind to go now," said the boy.

Josephine said she wished he would go. But he seemed to think it best not to make the attempt, for he kept walking on with the rest of us, without offering to turn back. I did not like to give the basket with the flowers in it to Dora until I had an opportunity to speak with her privately about it, and it was some time before I had the opportunity, for Josephine kept near me all the time. I knew that Dora would not offer to exchange with me herself, because the one that

she was carrying was the largest and heaviest, and she was always ready to do more than her share of any thing there was to be done. At last, however, I managed to fall a little behind with her, and then I exchanged baskets with her; and as I gave her hers, I told her in a low voice, to carry it carefully, and when she got home, to open it and see what was inside. She understood at once that there was some secret, and so she said nothing, but only nodded her head a little when she took the basket.

Before long we arrived back in the village, and then I found that it was time for me to set out at once with Susie on our return to Blake's Corner, so as to catch the up-train. So I called for Susie, and we bade Dora's mother, and Dora herself, and all the other children, good-by, as they stood together on the steps and in the yard, and then we went to the tavern and for the horse and chaise, and set out on our return home.

I found out afterward that when Dora opened the basket, and found the beautiful bunch of flowers inside, with the paper saying that they were for her, she was very much pleased, and her first thought was to go and tell Josephine that I *could* climb high after all, for that I had got up to the flowers and gathered them. But then she recollected that that would probably make Josephine angry, both with me and with her, and that it would be better not to say any thing about it. So she put them, just as they were, in a vase, and set them in her room, where she thought that Josephine would not see them. But Josephine happened to come there two days afterward when the flowers were still as fresh as ever, on account of my having cut them so low in the ground, and came right up into Dora's room without any warning, and when she saw the flowers, she exclaimed, —

"Ah! what a beautiful bunch of flowers! Where did you find them? They are just such flowers as those that Dory tried to get for me and could n't. I did not know that such flowers grew about in common places. If I had, I should not have cared for them at all."

How do you suppose I found out this? Dora's brother told me. She had a brother, though he was away from home at the time of the picnic, but he came home a day or two afterward, and his mother, finding out about the Still Valley School by me, concluded to send him there. So she wrote to the Dominie to inquire whether he could take him, and he wrote back that he could. So about a week afterward he came, and it was

he who told me afterward about Josephine and the flowers.

Some little time after this the Dominie met me one day on the grounds, and he told me that he was very much obliged to me for what I did

on the excursion to Manton. For I not only, he said, gave Susie a journey which did her a great deal of good, and afforded her a great deal of pleasure, but I was also the means of procuring him a new scholar, and an excellent good one.

DORY.

THE WOLF-CHARMER.

THE belief in wolf-charmers is spread throughout the whole of France. It is the last vestige of the legend of the were-wolf. In Berri they scarcely ever speak of the men-wolves of antiquity and the Middle Ages, but they still use the word *garou*, which means by itself, man-wolf; but they have lost the real meaning of it. The wolf *garou* is a charmed wolf, and the wolf-charmers are no longer the captains of bands of sorcerers, who changed themselves into wolves in order to devour children; they are wise and mysterious men, old wood-cutters or game-keepers, who possess the secret to charm, subdue, tame, and lead real wolves.

Several persons have met an old man, Père Soupison, by moonlight, walking by himself, and followed by more than thirty wolves. One night, in the forest of Chateauroux, two men saw a large band of wolves passing through the underbrush. They were very much frightened, and climbed up into a tree, from which they saw the wolves stop at the door of a wood-cutter's hut. They surrounded the hut, howling frightfully. The wood-cutter came out, spoke to them in an unknown language, and walked about in the midst of them, after which they dispersed without doing him any harm.

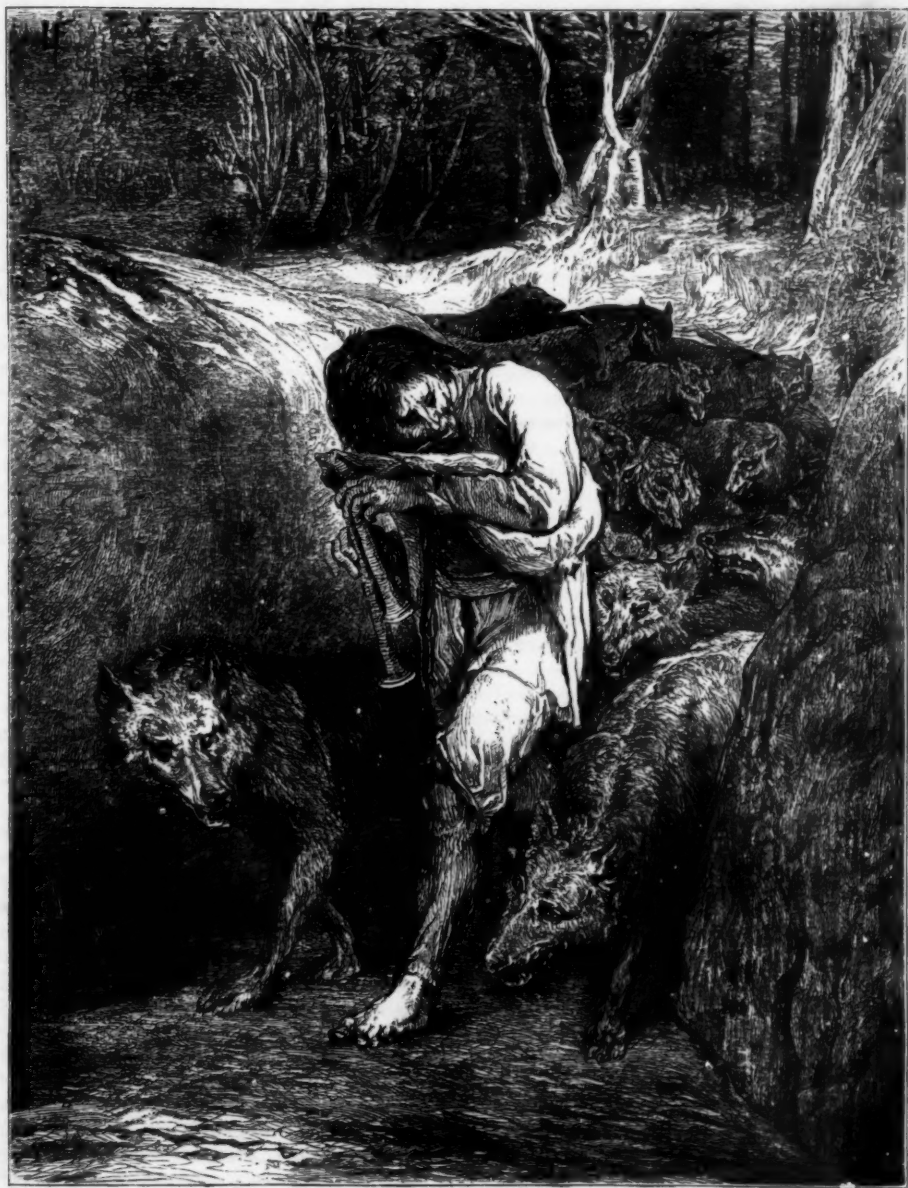
This is the story of a peasant. But two persons of wealth and education, as well as men of sense, who lived in the neighborhood of a forest, where they hunted very often, swore to me, on their honor, that being together on one occasion, they saw an old forest-keeper, whom they knew, stop at an out-of-the-way place, and make strange gestures. These two persons hid themselves, so that they could observe him, and saw thirteen wolves, one of which went straight to the *charmer* and covered him with caresses; he meanwhile whistled to the others, and plunged with them into the thicket. The two witnesses of this strange scene dared not follow them, and went away as much surprised as frightened.

In Morvan, the fiddlers are wolf-charmers, or leaders. They cannot learn music unless they bind themselves to the devil, and often their mas-

ter beats them, and breaks their instruments over their backs, when they disobey him. The wolves of that region are also the subjects of Satan; they are not real wolves. The tradition of the were-wolf is better preserved there than in Berri.

Fifty years ago the blowers of the bagpipe and hurdy-gurdy were still considered sorcerers in the Black Valley. They have now lost this bad reputation; but they tell the story of a master-blower, who had so much talent, and conducted himself so like a Christian, that the curé of his parish made him play at high mass. He played several airs, which was a privilege seldom allowed the players on these instruments, on account of their secret practices.

Julien, of Saint Aôût, had this privilege of exception, and when he played at mass it was wonderful to hear him. One night, as he went home from playing at a wedding, he met, in the heath, a bagpipe which played all by itself; others say it was the wind which played on it. Astonished to see a bagpipe coming to him in this way, he stopped, and felt frightened. The bagpipe passed by him, as if it saw him not, and went on playing so beautifully that Julien had never heard anything like it, and he felt at once overcome with jealousy; so that instead of going on, like a reasonable man, he turned and followed the bagpipe, to listen to it, and try to retain the air it played, which he was vexed not to know. He followed it at first at a distance, and then nearer, and at last he grew so bold as to jump on it and try to take it. But the bagpipe rose in the air and continued to play, so that he could not get it, and he returned home much troubled. And when they asked him, some days after, why he seemed so vexed, he answered, "The air of the night plays better than I; it was not worth while for me to learn to play." They did not know what he meant, but they heard him learning a new music, which resembled in no respect that of others, nor any he had played up to that time; and at night he went away, all alone, into the furze, and returned at dawn very tired, but playing better and



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better an air which seemed very strange, and which no one could understand.

This was reported to the curé, who sent for him, and said to him:—

"Julien, I know that the devil loves to follow and tempt people of your trade: they tell me that you go alone at night in places where you should not, and that you seem to be tormented. Mind what I tell you, Julien; if you begin ill, you will end ill!" Julien gave signs of repentance, and promised to keep himself in peace. "You will do well," said the curé, "and do not meddle with the science which *charms the wolves*." This was on Saturday. The next day there was to be a great festival at the church, and Julien promised to play as usual. However, in the morning the sacristan came to the curé, and told him that he had met Julien in the wood playing in a manner that was not Christian, and leading behind him more than three hundred wolves, which had run away at his approach.

The curé sent again for Julien and questioned him. Julien shrugged his shoulders, and said the

sacristan was drunk. And as the sacristan was given to drinking, his tale did not disturb the curé, who began to sing mass.

Julien also began to play his sacred music; but although he intended to play it as it should be played, he could not get it right, and the air he played was no other than the music of the devil, which the wind had taught him. The thing disturbed the curé, who struck with his foot three times, to put an end to this evil sound; but at last, thinking that God would make himself respected, he went on with the service. At that moment, Julien's bagpipe burst in his hands with a noise as if the devil had gone out of it, and he received such a blow in the stomach that he fell fainting on the floor of the church. They carried him home, and he was very ill. But he recovered at last, and renounced his bad practices, having confessed that he had played for the wolves. From that time he played like a Christian, and left the wolves to walk alone, or in the company of other wicked players.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

CHRISTMAS IN POMERANIA.

LET me make you acquainted with one another, children. This is Hans, my eldest boy; this Klas, my second; this urchin, Töffel, the youngest, only four years old; this red-cheeked little girl is Stina, their only sister. And this is their little cousin, who has just come from America to make them a visit. Having made you all acquainted with one another, I will go to my business and leave you to yourselves. Hans, you tell your little cousin something about Christmas,—how we keep it here in old Pomerania. Good-by.

Cousin.—Oh do, cousin Hans! I do so want to know how you keep Christmas here.

Hans.—Very well, I will try to tell you all about it. But I never know how to begin a story; once started, I get on very well though. So: With us the whole month of December is Christmas. On the first of the four Sundays before Christmas, Knecht Ruprecht goes about and peeps into all the houses, to see what children are good and what are naughty. He carries a big slate with him, upon which he writes the name of every one, and whether they have been good or bad, industrious or lazy; and according to their behavior will be the presents he sends

for their Christmas: fine books, toys, and sugar-plums to the one; and birch-rods, pebbles, and such things, for the others. We children are terribly afraid of Knecht Ruprecht, with his big slate. When he comes, too, each of us have to recite a verse to him.

Klas.—Oh no, Hans, I am not afraid of him any more, for now I know who it is that used to frighten me as Knecht Ruprecht. It's Fritz, our coachman; he puts on father's great icebear-pelts,* a long beard of flax, a big paper red nose, a wreath of ivy on his head, and a green girdle around his waist—

Töffel.—And in his right-hand he holds a birch-rod with tiny jingling bells.

Cousin.—Did he whip you with the rod?

Töffel.—Yes, upon my hands, because he said they were so dirty.

Hans.—For weeks before Christmas, there is great fun going on, and the house is full of secrets. Every one has some work on hand which he tries to hide from every body, and of course every body in turn tries to find out what it is.

* A sort of overcoat, made of skins of icebears, the hairy part outside.

For yulclaps* must be kept secret, and no one must know from whom they come. When the yulclap is finished, packed, and sealed, with a name of one of the family written on it, it is carried up-stairs to the attic (to which mother alone keeps the key), and thrown into large baskets put there for that purpose. On the afternoon of the Sunday before Christmas, three young men of the village dress themselves in fanciful robes, and put paper crowns upon their heads. In one hand they carry a staff mounted by a golden star, in the other they hold a big bag. They are meant to look like the Three Holy Kings from the East, on their way to Bethlehem. In front of them goes a fiddler, and behind them almost all the boys in the village. They go from house to house; before each house they sing a song about the Three Wise Men, and then hold out their bags for contributions. In this way they get enough wine and food to give a great entertainment on Christmas to all the young folks in the village. The day before Christmas-eve the mysteries begin in earnest. The cook kills the goose, the shepherd the lambs, the butcher his oxen, pigs, and calves. Busy life begins in the kitchen, and the various doughs of white, yellow, and brown, promise us a lot of sweets. The boys are always eager to help, but forever getting in the way, and finally ordered out of the kitchen, where our presence is rather dangerous to the raisins and citron. The only place where we are not in the way, is the nursery, and there we all go and amuse ourselves singing over the Christmas-eve song:—

"To-morrow, children, is the day
That countless presents brings;
Come, shout the merry Christmas lay!
Knecht Ruprecht travels on his way
With a thousand pleasant things.
But once more will the sun arise,
And when he sets comes sweet surprise.

"Do you remember all the joys
Of last year's Christmas-eve, —
Remember yet the handsome toys,
The soldiers and the sailor-boys,
Packed up in mama's sleeves?
But once more will the sun arise,
And when he sets comes sweet surprise," etc.

And singing this song, and eating a nice baked apple which mother bakes for us, we go to bed; but we don't get much sleep that night, for we keep thinking about the goodies that we shall all get on the next day.

* Yulclap—derived from the old Swedish words *Yul*, the heathen festival of Freyr, which was kept at the same time of the year that our Christmas falls; and *clappa* to clap—meaning a Christmas present, packed up, and then thrown into the room.

On the next day, the day of our great expectations, in the afternoon all the poor little boys and girls of the village come to our house and get a present of apples, nuts, and cakes. It is a great pleasure to us children to distribute them, for we feel like the princes in stories, open-handed, distributing an empire's treasures among their faithful subjects. When the boys fill their caps to the brim, and the girls their aprons, they thank us with bright faces, and then scamper off in great glee.

Stina.—Yes, and some of them, that the school-master has recommended to papa as having been very good during the year, get a pair of shoes or stockings besides.

Cousin.—And do you give them these presents too?

Stina.—Yes, that is, I give them to the little girls, and Töffel to the boys.

Hans.—But at last the longed-for evening comes, and we children are commanded to go into the nursery, and not to peep through the key-hole, because Christkindlein,† who has arrived in the village, is expected to come every minute. And if one of us ventured to disobey this strict order, Christkindlein would surely see us, and then he would throw all the fine things he had destined for that one away into the fire. We take good care, therefore, not to look; but listening is not forbidden, so we put our ears to the door and try to hear all that is said, especially to hear Christkindlein's voice. Tingelingeling! comes the signal for us to start for the parlor, and like a pack of hounds we rush across the hall. The parlor door is open, and the beautiful Christmas-tree dazzles our eyes with its hundred lights, its golden star at the top, and the crib at the foot.

Töffel.—Now, Hans, tell about our presents and Christmas-tree last Christmas, and let me tell about the lovely crib.

Hans.—Go on then.

Töffel.—You know the board upon which the tree stood was covered with fresh green moss, and in the moss, close to the stem of the tree, stood a golden throne, upon which the Virgin Mary sat with the baby Christ in her arms; behind her, leaning against the tree, stood Joseph; in front of her were the Three Kings from the East, kneeling to Christ. To the right were shepherds leaning on their staffs; and there were a half dozen sheep, and a donkey, and some oxen, and a goose, sitting in the moss. And oh

† Infant Christ; who also is thought going about distributing presents on Christmas-eve.

how funny it was, that, just when I stooped down to look at them, down tumbled one of the shepherds right upon the goose, and broke her neck.

Klas. — All around the railing that was around the board, wax candles were put, so as to light up the crib.

Hans. — The tree, with every thing on it, belonged to all of us together, but we were told that each one of the family had an especial present hanging somewhere on the tree, properly addressed; and now a general search was made for it, not without danger to the tree. After this the second bell rang, which was for the servants, who, headed by the *staatholler*,* entered the room, and received their presents, which were wearing-apparel, nuts, apples, and cakes. By this time the lights had burnt half-way down, and as the tree was to be lit again on New Year's eve, for general plundering, orders were given to blow them out.

Töffel. — Yes, Hans, and do you remember how Uncle Wilhelm lifted me high over his head so I could blow out the lights at the top of the tree, and how I blew down the golden star?

Hans. — Oh yes! and what a trouble uncle had to put it up again. From the tree we all went to the dining-room for supper, but we had stuffed ourselves so with candy, that we only had enough appetite left for some poor-man's cake. This is our regular family dish for all great days, — Christmas, birthdays, and so forth. It is delicious, made of crumbed bread and sliced apples, heaped layer upon layer, and all baked brown. Now the servants were busy bringing down the big baskets filled with yulclaps, which they put in the next room.

Stina. — But, Hans, you forget the Knecht Ruprecht that stood in the centre of the table. He looked so jolly.

Klas. — No, let me tell about him, Hans.

Hans. — Go ahead, brother.

Klas. — Well, our *staatholler* had made a goat of straw, and put a goat-skin with a big head, horns and all, over it. Then mama had made a doll of straw and flax: she made for it crimson stockings and blue knee-breeches, a green jacket and scarlet waistcoat; on his feet he had a pair of Töffel's shoes, and over his shoulder hung a fur cloak. Uncle had made a mask of paper, with a great big nose, long beard, and black eyes, and long flax hair. Around his head he wore a wreath of evergreen. He, you know I mean the figure, was astride the goat, and held in one hand the reins, and in the

other a whip made of raisin-stalks. In front of him, upon the goat's back, hung two baskets, one filled with almonds and the other with raisins.

Hans. — Now stop, Töffel; let me tell the rest. Scarcely had the tables been cleared, when the door opened, and a big bundle came flying into the middle of the room, while the servants cried, "Huch! Yulclap!" This was the signal for a quick race, every one of us rushing to get the bundle; for he who got it was to read the address aloud, and hand it to the right person. I caught it that time, and shouted out, "To Miss Stina."

"Do not cry
If away I fly."

Stina jumped up to get her yulclap, but hearing that it was not to stay with her, said, quite crestfallen, "Give it to me, even if I can't keep it." Sure enough, when she had torn the wrapper off, she read: —

"To Master Klas:
Take care, it's glass;
And if you shake it,
You will break it."

Klas took it, and very carefully took off the cover, when to his surprise he found another address, and he read: —

"To the queen of the household:
If a loyal subject may be so bold,
And this little present of beaming gold
Put down at her throne,
Such grace alone
Would make him happy."

Of course this meant mother, but she found another name, and read: —

"To Cousin Fritz
Von Itzenplitz:
A remedy new,
But known to few,
How to get rich."

But he was n't any more lucky than the other, for he found this just under his cover: —

"For Papa:
I love my pipe,
When eve is ripe.
I love my pipe,
Hunting the snipe.
I love my pipe,
From morn to night."

"Foolish boys," said father, opening the bundle, "to ridicule me for smoking: they probably have given me a pipe." But no; after unwrapping a long strip of paper, he held a walnut in his hand, and found written on it, "Stina." But Stina cried out, "Pshaw! it's only a walnut," and threw it on the floor; when lo! it opened, and showed a piece of white cotton. Stina quickly took it up, and taking out the cotton, a lovely lit-

* A sort of overseer upon large farms.

the gold ring dropped out. That's the ring, cousin, on her fore-finger. The walnut had been carefully opened, the nut taken out, the ring and cotton put in, and then the shells glued together. In came another big yulclap, which again went from hand to hand, to each name being funny lines; but I have forgotten them; finally, mother got it, and found it nothing but a big ball of yarn. Father laughed, and said that Christkindlein knew he wanted warm stockings for the winter, and that mother knitted them better than any one could. But mother shook her head, and quietly began unwinding the ball. Now yulclaps followed yulclaps. Uncle Wilhelm got a big turnip, and a long poem, telling what use could be made of a turnip. Taking his knife, he carefully cut it until he found his knife strike something harder than turnip, and presently he took out a big cigar. Then every body laughed at him, and he threw down the cigar, saying a turnip-flavored cigar did n't agree with his constitution. Klas took it up, and began fingering it, and soon he cried out, "Oh, here's something hard!" and quickly picked the cigar to pieces, and drew out a beautiful diamond scarf-pin. Mother meanwhile was patiently unwinding the big ball of yarn. Next, a big doll, the size of Stina, came rolling into the room, with a letter written to Stina in her hand, which said that all the pretty ribbons and clothes she had on, she had come to offer to Stina, to wear for her New Year's party. Mother was yet patiently unwinding that ball of yarn. The shower of yulclaps kept coming, and now grew smaller, and were mostly gingerbread figures, sugar dolls, small toys, and such things. And now mother had completed her unwinding, and was well paid for her trouble, for she found a beautiful long gold watch-chain. I got, among other things, a huge piece of peat, which I could not see any

break in, so carefully was it joined. But after much searching, I got it open, and there lay a pair of warm worsted slippers. Uncle Wilhelm got a pine stick, which, on opening, showed a handsome neck-tie; Klas, a bag full of cut straw, from which he drew forth a new knife for his pocket.

Klas.—O Hans! before you stop, do tell about dear Old Turk.

Hans.—Oh yes, I had almost forgotten. Father had a big mastiff dog, as fine a creature as you ever saw, and we boys loved him dearly, for he would play with us and never hurt us; we could ride him, pull his ears, and toss him about just as we liked, without his even growling. Just before Christmas, poor Turk died; father said some one must have given him poison, for he died very suddenly. Imagine our delight, when, in the midst of the yulclaps, in rushed our dog with a loud bow-wow-wow. We all rushed to him, and Töffel threw his arms around his neck, and covered him with kisses. But we soon found that it was only our poor Turk's skin stuffed out and mounted on rollers. In his mouth was an envelope directed to "The three boys, from their old playfellow. Seek and you shall find." And we found the skin full of handsome presents for us boys.

When the last yulclap was unpacked, the servants cleared away the table, and brought in the punch; and while we were drinking it, in came Christkindlein. It was little Töffel, dressed all in white, with beautiful shiny wings on his shoulders, and a wreath of immortelles on his head; he carried a basket filled with bon-bons on his arm, which he soon pelted us all with.

And so, cousin, our Christmas ends. I hope you will spend the next one with us, and see for yourself.

E. J. KUNTZE.

TING-A-LING :

A MAKE-BELIEVE FAIRY TALE.

[Concluded.]

EACH one of these lovers, when they were about to return to their homes, picked up the prettiest tear they could find. Ting-a-ling put his tear upon his shoulder, and walked along as gracefully as an Egyptian woman with her water-jug; while little Ling-a-a-ting, with her

treasure borne lightly over her head, skipped by her lover's side, as happy as happy could be.

"Don't walk out in the sun, my dearest," said Ting-a-ling. "Your shin-shiney will burst."

"Burst! Oh no, Tingy darling, no it won't. See how nice and big it is getting, and so light

Look!" cried she, throwing back her head; "I can see the sky through it; and oh! what pretty colors,—blue, green, pink, and"—And the tear burst, and poor little Ling-a-ting sunk down on the grass, drenched and drowned.

Horror-stricken, Ting-a-ling dropped his tear and wept. Claspings his hands above his head, he fell on his knees beside his dear one, and raised his eyes to the blue sky in bitter anguish. But when he cast them down again, little Ling-a-ting was all soaked into the grass. Then sterner feelings filled his breast, and revenge stirred up the depths of his soul.

"This thing shall end!" he said, hissing the words between his teeth. "No more of us shall die like Ling-a-ting!"

So he ran quickly, and with his little sword cut down two violets, and of the petals he made two little soft bundles, and, tying them together with his garters, he slung them over his shoulder. Full of his terrible purpose, he then ran to the Princess, and going behind her, clambered up her dress until he stood on her shoulder, and, getting on the top of her head, he loosened a long hair, and lowered himself down with it, until he stood upon the under lashes of her left eye. Now, his intention was evident. Those violet bundles were to "end this thing." They were to be crammed into the source of those fatal tears, to the beauty of which poor Ling-a-ting had fallen a victim.

"Now we shall see," said he, "if some things cannot be done as well as others!" and, kneeling down, he took one bundle from his shoulder, and prepared to put it in her eye. It is true, that, occupying the position he did, he, in some measure, obstructed the lady's vision; but as her eyes had been so long dimmed with tears, and her heart overshadowed with sorrow, she did not notice it.

Just as Ting-a-ling was about to execute his purpose, he happened to look before him, and saw to his amazement another little fairy on his knees, right in front of him. Starting back he dropped the bundle from his hand, and the other from his shoulder. Then, upon his hands and knees, he stared steadfastly at the little man opposite to him, who immediately imitated him. And there they knelt with equal wonder in each of their countenances, bobbing at each other every time the lady winked. Then did Ting-a-ling get very red in the face, and standing erect he took strong hold of the Princess's upper eyelash, to steady himself, resolved upon punishing the saucy fairy, when, to his dismay, the eyelash

came out, he lost his balance, and at the same moment a fresh shower of tears burst from her eyes, which washed Ting-a-ling senseless into her lap.

When he recovered he was still sticking to her silk apron, all unobserved, as she sat in her own room talking to one of her maids, who had just returned from a long visit into the country. Slipping down to the floor, Ting-a-ling ran all shivering to the window, to the seat of which he climbed, and getting upon a chrysanthemum that was growing in a flower-pot in the sunshine, he took off his shoes and stockings, and, hanging them on a branch to dry, lay down in the warm blossom; and while he was drying, listened to the mournful tale that Aulalia was telling her maid, about the poor Prince that was to die to-morrow. The more he heard, the more was his tender heart touched with pity, and, forgetting all his resentment against the Princess, he only felt the deepest sympathy for her misfortunes, and those of her lover. When she had finished, Ting-a-ling had resolved to assist them, or die in the attempt!

But, as he could not do much himself, he intended instantly to lay their case before a Giant of his acquaintance, whose good-humor and benevolence were proverbial. So he put on his shoes and stockings, which were not quite dry, and hastily descended to the garden by means of a vine which grew upon the wall. The distance to the Giant's castle was too great for him to think of walking; so he hurried around to a friend of his who kept a livery-stable. When he reached this place he found his friend sitting in his stable-door, and behind him Ting-a-ling could see the long rows of stalls, with all the butterflies on one side, and the grasshoppers on the other.

"How do you do?" said Ting-a-ling, seating himself upon a horse-block, and wiping his face. "It is a hot day, is n't it?"

"Yes, sir," said the livery-stable man, who was rounder and shorter than Ting-a-ling. "Yes, it is very warm. I have n't been out to-day."

"Well, I should n't advise you to go," said Ting-a-ling. "But I must to business, for I'm in a great hurry. Have you a fast butterfly that you can let me have right away?"

"Oh yes, two or three of them, for that matter."

"Have you that one," asked Ting-a-ling, "that I used to take out last summer?"

"That animal," said the livery-stable man, rising and clasping his hands under his coat-tail, "I am sorry to say, you can't have. He's foundered."

"That's bad," said Ting-a-ling, "for I always liked him."

"I can let you have one just as fast," said the stable-keeper. "By the way, how would you like a real good grasshopper?"

"Too hot a day for the saddle," said Ting-a-ling; "and now please harness up, for I'm in a dreadful hurry."

"Yes, sir, right away. But I don't know exactly what wagon to give you. I have two first-rate new pea-pods, but they are both out. However, I can let you have a nice easy Johnny-jump-up, if you say so."

"Any thing will do," said Ting-a-ling, dusting his boots with his handkerchief, "only get it out quick."

In a very short time a butterfly was brought out, and harness-ed to a first-class Johnny-jump-up. The vehicles used by these fairies were generally a cup-like blossom, or something of that nature, furnished, instead of wheels, with little bags filled with a gas resembling that used to inflate balloons. Thus the vehicle was sustained in the air while the steed drew it rapidly along.

As soon as Ting-a-ling heard the sound of the approaching equipage, he stood upon the horse-block, and when the wagon was brought up to it, he quickly jumped in and took the reins from the hostler. "Get up!" said he, and away they went.

It was a long drive, and it was at least three in the afternoon when Ting-a-ling reached the Giant's castle. Drawing up before the great gates, he tied his animal to a hinge, and walked in himself under the gate. Going boldly into the hall, he went up-stairs, or rather, he ran up the top rail of the banisters, for it would have been hard work for him to have clambered up each separate step. As he expected, he found the Giant (whose name I forgot to say was Tur-il-i-ra) in his dining-room. He had just finished his dinner, and was sitting in his arm-chair by the table, fast asleep. This Giant was about as large as two mammoths. It was useless for Ting-a-ling to stand on the floor, and endeavor to make himself heard above the roaring of the snoring, which sounded to him louder than the thunders of a cataract. So, climbing upon one of the Giant's boots, he ran up his leg, and hurried over the waistcoat so fast, that, slipping on one of the brass buttons, he came down upon his knees with great force.

"Whew!" said he, "that must have hurt him! after dinner too!"

Jumping up quickly, he ran easily over the

bosom, and getting on his shoulder, clambered up into his ear. Standing up in the opening of this immense cavity, he took hold of one side with his outstretched arms, and shouted with all his might, —

"Tur-il-i! Tur-il-i! Tur-il-i-RA!"

Startled at the noise, the Giant clapped his hand to his ear with such force, that had not Ting-a-ling held on very tightly, he would have been shot up against the tympanum of this mighty man.

"Don't do that again!" cried the little fellow. "Don't do that again! It's only me — Ting-a-ling. Hold your finger."

Recognizing the voice of his young friend, the Giant held out his forefinger, and Ting-a-ling mounting it, was carried round before the Giant's face, where he proceeded to relate the misfortunes of the two lovers, in his most polished and affecting style.

The Giant listened with great attention, and when he had done, said: "Ting-a-ling, I feel a great interest in all young people, and will do what I can for this truly unfortunate couple. But I must finish my nap first, otherwise I could not do any thing. So, just jump down on the table and eat something, while I go to sleep for a little while."

So saying, he put Ting-a-ling gently down upon the table. But this young gentleman having a dainty appetite, did not see much that he thought he would like: so, cutting a grain of rice in two, he ate one half of it, and then lay down on a napkin and went to sleep.

When Tur-il-i-ra awoke, he remembered that it was time to be off, and waking Ting-a-ling, he took out his great purse, and placed the little fairy in it, where he had very comfortable quarters, as there was no money there to hurt him.

"Don't forget my wagon when you get to the gate," said Ting-a-ling, sleepily, rolling himself up for a fresh nap, as the Giant closed the purse with a snap. Tur-il-i-ra, having put on his hat, went down-stairs, and crossed the court-yard in a very few steps. When he had closed the great gates after him, he bethought himself of Ting-a-ling's turn-out, which the fairy had mentioned as being tied to the hinge. Not being able to see any thing so minute at the distance of his eyes from the ground, he put on his spectacles, and getting upon his hands and knees, peered closely about the hinges.

"Oh! here you are," said he, and picking up the butterfly and wagon, he put them in his vest pocket — that is, all excepting the butterfly's

head. That remained fast to the hinge, as the Giant forgot he was tied. Then our lofty friend set off at a smart pace for the King's castle, but notwithstanding his haste, it was dark when he reached it.

"Come now, young man," said he, opening his purse, "wake up, and let us get to work. Where is that Prince you were talking about?"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know," said Ting-a-ling, rubbing his eyes. "But just put me up to that window which has the vine growing beneath it. That is the Princess's room, and she can tell us all about it."

So the Giant took him on his finger, and put him in the window. There, in the lighted room, Ting-a-ling beheld a sight which greatly moved him. Although she had slept but little the night before, the Princess was still up, and was sitting in an easy-chair, weeping profusely. Near her stood a maid-of-honor, who continually handed her fresh handkerchiefs from a great basketful by her side. As fast as the Princess was done with one, she threw it behind her, and the great pile there showed that she must have been weeping nearly all day. Getting down upon the floor, Ting-a-ling clambered up the Princess's dress, and reaching, at last, her ear, shouted into it, —

"Princess! Princess! Stop crying, for I'm come!"

The Princess was very much startled; but she did not, like the Giant, clap her hand to her ear, for, if she had, she would have ruined the beautiful curls which stood out so nicely on each side. So Ting-a-ling implored her to be quiet, and told her how that the Giant had come to assist her, and they wanted to know where the Prince was confined.

"I will tell you! I will show you!" cried the Princess quickly, and, jumping up, she ran to the window with Ting-a-ling still at her ear. "O you good Giant," she cried, "are you there? If you will take me, I will show you the tower, the cruel tower, where my Prince is confined."

"Fear not!" said the good Giant. "Fear not! I soon will release him. Let me take you in my hands, and do you show me where to go."

"Are you sure you can hold me?" said the Princess, standing timidly upon the edge of the window.

"I guess so," said the Giant. "Just get into my hands."

And, taking her down gently, he set her on his arm, and then he took Ting-a-ling from her hair, and placed him on the tip of his thumb. Thus they proceeded to the Tower of Tears.

"Here is the place," said the Princess. "Here is the horrid tower where my beloved is. Please put me down a minute, and let me cry."

"No, no," said the Giant; "you have done enough of that, my dear, and we have no time to spare. So, if this is your Prince's tower, just get in at the window, and tell him to come out quickly, and I will take you both away without making any fuss."

"That is the window — the fourth-storey one. Lift me up," said the Princess.

But though the Giant was very large, he was not quite tall enough for this feat, for they built their towers very high in those days. So, putting Ting-a-ling and the Princess into his pocket, he looked around for something to stand on. Seeing a barn near by, he picked it up, and placed it underneath the window. He put his foot on it to see if it would bear him, and, finding it would, (for in those times barns were very strong,) he stood upon it, and looked in the fourth-storey window. Taking his little friends out of his pocket, he put them on the window-sill, where Ting-a-ling remained to see what would happen, but the Princess jumped right down on the floor. As there was a lighted candle on the table, she saw that there was some one covered up in the bed.

"Oh, there he is!" said she. "Now I will wake him up, and hurry him away." But, just at that moment, as she was going to give the sleeper a gentle shake, she happened to perceive the yellow boots sticking out from under the sheet.

"Oh dear!" said she in a low voice, "if he has n't gone to bed with his boots on! And if I wake him, he will jump right down on the floor, and make a great noise, and we shall be found out."

So she went to the foot of the bed and pulled them off very gently.

"White stockings!" said she. "What does this mean? I know the Prince wore green stockings, for I took particular notice how well they looked with his yellow boots. There must be something wrong, I declare! Let me run to the other end of the bed, and see how it is there. Oh my! oh my!" cried she, turning down the sheet. "A woman's head! Wrong both ways! Oh what shall I do?"

Letting the sheet drop, she accidentally touched the head, which immediately rolled off on to the floor.

"Loose! Loose!! Loose!!!" she screamed in bitter agony, clasping her hands above her head. "What shall I ever do? Oh misery! misery!"

me! Some demon has changed him, all but his boots. Oh Despair! Despair!"

And, without knowing what she did, she rushed frantically out of the room, and along the dark passage, and popped right down through the open trap.

"What's up?" said the Giant, putting his face to the window. "What's all this noise about?"

"Oh I don't know," said Ting-a-ling, almost crying, "but somebody's head is off; and it's a lady—all but the boots—and the Princess has run away! oh dear! oh dear!"

"Come now!" said Tur-il-i-ra. "Ting-a-ling, get into my pocket. I must see into this myself, for I can't be waiting here all night, you know."

So the Giant, still standing on the barn, lifted off the roof of the tower, and threw it to some distance. He then, by the moonlight, examined the upper storey, but finding no Prince or Princess, brushed down the walls until he came to the floor, and, taking it up, he looked carefully over the next storey. This he continued, until he had torn down the whole tower, and found no one but servants and guards, who ran away in all directions, like ants when you destroy their hills. He then kicked down all those walls which connected the tower with the rest of the palace, and, when it was all level with the ground, he happened to notice, almost at his feet, a circular opening like an entrance to a vault, from which arose a very pleasant smell as of something good to eat. Stooping down to see what it was that caused this agreeable perfume, he perceived that at the distance of a few yards the aperture terminated in a huge yellow substance, in which, upon a closer inspection, he saw four feet sticking up—two with slippers, and two with only green stockings.

"Why, this is strange!" said he, and, stooping down, he felt the substance, and found it was quite soft and yielding. He then loosened it by passing his hand around it, and directly lifted it out almost entire.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" he cried, "but this is a cheese!" and, turning it over, he saw on the other side two heads, one with short black hair, and the other covered with beautiful brown curls.

"Why, here they are! As I'm a living Giant! these must be the Prince and Princess, stowed away in a cheese!" And he laughed until the very hills cracked.

When he got a little over his merriment, he

asked the imprisoned couple how they got there, and if they felt comfortable. They replied that they had fallen down a trap, and had gone nearly through this cheese where they had stuck fast, and that was all they had known about it, and if the blood did not run down into their heads so, they would be pretty comfortable, thank him—which last remark the Giant accounted for by the fact, that, when lovers are near each other, they do not generally pay much attention to surrounding circumstances.

"This, then," said he, rising, "is where the King hardens his cheeses, is it? Well, well, it's a jolly go!" And he laughed some more.

"O Tur-il-i-ra," cried Ting-a-ling, looking out from the vest-pocket, "I'm so glad you've found them."

"Well, so am I," said the Giant.

Then Tur-il-i-ra, still holding the cheese, walked away for a little distance, and sat down on a high bank, intending to wait there until morning, when he would call on the King, and confer with him in relation to his new-found treasure. Leaning against a great rock, the Giant put the cheese upon his knees in such a manner as not to injure the heads and feet of the lovers, and dropped into a very comfortable sleep.

"Don't I wish I could get my arms out!" whispered the Prince.

"Oh my!" whispered the Princess.

Ting-a-ling, having now nothing to occupy his mind, and desiring to stretch his legs, got out of the vest pocket where he had remained so safely during all the disturbance, and descended to the ground to take a little walk. He had not gone far before he met a friend of his, who was running along as fast as he could.

"Hallo! Ting-a-ling," cried the other. "Is that you? Come with me, and I will show you the funniest thing you ever saw in your life."

"Is it far?" said Ting-a-ling, "for I must be back here by daylight."

"Oh no! come on. It won't take you long, and I tell you, it's fun!"

So away they ran, merrily vaulting over the hickory-nuts, or acorns, that happened to be in their way, in mere playfulness, as if they were nothing. They soon came to a large, open space, so brightly lighted by the moon, that every object was as visible as if it were daylight. Scattered over the smooth green were thousands of fairies of Ting-a-ling's nation, the most of whom were standing gazing intently at a very wonderful sight.

Seated on a stone, under a great tree that stood all alone in the centre of this plain, was a woman without any head. She moved her hands rapidly about over her shoulders, as if in search of the missing portion of herself, and encountering nothing but mere air, she got very angry, and stamped her feet, and shrugged her shoulders, which amused the fairies very much, and they all set up a great laugh, and seemed to be enjoying the fun amazingly. On one side, down by a little brook, was a great crowd of fairies, who appeared to be washing something therein. Scattered all around were portions of the Tower of Tears, much of which had fallen hereabouts.

Ting-a-ling and his friend had not gazed long upon this scene before the sound of music was heard, and, in a few moments there appeared from out the woods a gorgeous procession. First came a large band of music, ringing blue-bells and blowing honeysuckles. Then came an array of courtiers, magnificently dressed; and, after them, the Queen of the fairies, riding in a beautiful water-lily, drawn by six royal purple butterflies, and surrounded by a brilliant body of lords and ladies.

This procession halted at a short distance in front of the lady-minus-a-head, and formed itself into a semicircle, with the Queen in the centre. Then the crowd at the brook were seen approaching, and on the shoulders of the multitude was borne a head. They hurried as fast as their heavy load would permit, until they came to the tree under which sat the headless Nerralina, who, bed and all, had fallen here, when the Giant tore down the tower. Then quickly attaching a long rope (that they had put over a branch directly above the lady) to the hair of the head, they all took hold of the other end, and, pulling with a will, soon hoisted the head up until it hung at some distance above the neck to which it had previously belonged. Then they began to lower it slowly, and the Queen stood up with her wand raised ready to utter the magic word which should unite the parts when they touched. A deep silence spread over the plain, and even the lady seemed conscious that something was about to happen, for she sat perfectly still.

There was but one person there who did not feel pleasure at the approaching event, and that was a dwarf about a foot high, very ugly and wicked, who, by some means or other, had got into this goodly company, and who was now seated in a crotch of the tree, very close to the rope by which the crowd was lowering the lady's head. No one perceived him, for he was

very much the color of the tree, and there he sat alone, quivering with spite and malice.

At the moment the head touched the ivory neck, the Queen, uttering the magic word, dropped the end of the wand, and immediately the head adhered as firmly as of old.

But a wild shout of horror rang through all the plain! For, at the critical moment, the dwarf had reached out his hand, and twisted the rope, so that when the head was joined, it was wrong side foremost — face back!

Just then the little villain stuck his head out from behind the branch, and, giving a loud and mocking laugh of triumph, dropped from the tree. With a yell of anger the whole crowd, Queen, courtiers, common people, and all, set off in a mad chase after the dwarf, who fled like a stag before the hounds.



All were gone but little Ting-a-ling, and when he saw the dreadful distress of poor Nerralina, who jumped up, and twisted around, and ran backward both ways, screaming for help, he stopped not a minute, but ran to where he had left the Giant, and told him, as fast as his breathing would allow, the sad story.

Rubbing his eyes, Tur-il-i-ra perceived that it was nearly day, and concluded to commence operations. So he put Ting-a-ling on his shirt-frill, where he could see what was going on, and, taking about eleven strides, he came to where poor Nerralina was jumping about, and, picking her

up, put her carefully into his coat-tail pocket. Then with the cheese in his hand, he walked slowly toward the palace.

When he arrived there, he found the people running about, and crowding around the ruins of the Tower of Tears. He passed on, however, to the great Audience Chamber, and, looking in, saw the King sitting upon his throne behind a velvet-covered table, holding an early morning coun-



cil, and receiving the reports of his officers concerning the damage. As this Hall, and the doors thereof, were of great size, the Giant walked in, stooping a little as he entered.

He marched right up to the King, and held the cheese down before him.

"Here, your Majesty, is your daughter, and the young Prince, her lover. Does your Majesty recognize them?"

"Well, I declare!" cried the King. "If that is n't my great cheese, that I had put in the vault-flue to harden! And my daughter and that young man in it! What does this mean? What have you been doing, Giant?"

Then Tur-il-i-ra related the substance of the whole affair in a very brief manner, and concluded by saying that he hoped to see them made man and wife, as he considered them under his protection, and intended to see them safely through this affair. And he held them up so that all the people who thronged into the Hall could see.

The people all laughed, but the King cried "Silence!" and said to the Giant, "If the young man is of as good blood as my daughter, I have no desire to separate them. In fact, I don't think I am separating them. I think it's the cheese!"

"Come! come!" said the Giant, turning very red in the face, "none of your trifling, or I'll knock your house down over your eyes!"

And, putting the cheese down close to the table, he broke it in half, and let the lovers drop out on the velvet covering, when they immediately rushed into each other's arms, and remained thus clasped for a length of time.

They then slowly relinquished their hold upon each other, and were exchanging looks of supreme tenderness, when the Prince, happening to glance at his feet, sprang back so that he almost fell off the long table, and shouted, —

"Blood! Fire! Thunder! Where's my boots? Boots! Slaves! Hounds! Get me my boots! boots!! boots!!!"

"Oh! he's a Prince!" cried the King, jumping up. "I want no further proof. He's a Prince. Give him boots. And blow, horns, blow! Beat your drums, drummers! Join hands all! Clear the floor for a dance!"

And in a trice the floor was cleared, and about five thousand couples stood ready for the first note from the band.

"Hold up!" cried the Giant. "Hold up! here is one I forgot," and he commenced feeling in his pockets. "I know I have got her somewhere. Oh yes, here she is!" And taking the Lady Nerralina from his coat-tail pocket, he put her carefully upon the table.

Every face in the room was in an instant the picture of horror, — all but that of the little girl whose duty it was to fasten Nerralina's dress every morning, — who got behind the door, and jumping up, and clapping her hands and heels, exclaimed, "Good! good! Now she can fasten her own frock behind!"

The Prince was the first to move, and, with tears in his eyes, he approached the luckless lady, who was sobbing piteously.

"Poor thing!" said he, and putting his arm around her, he kissed her. What joy thrilled through Nerralina! She had never been kissed by a man before, and it did for her what such things have done for many a young lady since — it turned her head!

"Blow, horns, blow!" shouted the King. "Join hands all!"

Seizing Nerralina's hand, and followed by the Prince and Princess, who sprang from the table, he led off the five thousand couples in a grand gallopade.

The Giant stood, and laughed heartily, until, at last, being no longer able to restrain himself,

he sprang into the midst of them, and danced away royally, trampling about twenty couples under foot at every jump.

"Dance away, old fellow!" shouted the King, from the other end of the room. "Dance away! my boy, and never mind the people."

And the music blew louder, and round they all went faster and faster, until the building shook and trembled from the cellar to the roof.

At length, perfectly exhausted, they all stopped, and Ting-a-ling, slipping down from the Giant's frill, went out of the door.

"Oh!" said he, wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes, "it was all so funny, and every body was so happy — that — that I almost forgot my bereavement."

LAST DAYS AT BURTON HARBOR.

THERE is much difference between a Lake Superior steamboat and an Eastern railroad line, in respect of arriving and leaving "on time." There is no shouting out of "Stratford! — five minutes for refreshments!" and away again with a whew. The steamboats generally travel on a timetable, it is true, but sometimes they get "behind time" for a day or two, and passengers have a chance to practice the "most excellent virtue" of patience.

Mr. Silas Sawins had such a chance; for the steamboat on which he intended to leave Burton Harbor was detained "up above," and he had to wait till it chose to come down. Meantime, it seemed as if the fates conspired to make his visit a memorable one to him. As he was sitting in the office of the mining company, the next day after his runaway ride to the Keweenaw Iron-mines, one of the mining captains came rushing into the office in great excitement.

A fight had broken out among the Cornishmen and Irishmen down in the copper-mine! There had been a long-standing feud between the representatives of Ireland and Cornwall, and the half-smothered animosity of many months had now broken out. The captain urged Mr. Joy, the superintendent, to come at once to the scene of the conflict. Mr. Joy, accompanied by Uncle Silas and Briggs Cloud, hurried away in much alarm. When they reached the dark, gloomy hole that led down into the mine, a hasty consultation was held. Mr. Joy's health

was so poor that he hesitated about making the descent.

"Let me go, sir," said Briggs Cloud, promptly.

"Now, my dear boy," began Uncle Silas, in affright; but Mr. Joy interrupted him.

"Indeed, Briggs," said he, "I think you would do better service than I would. You are very popular with all the miners, and could influence them more than I could."

Just then a boy came up the ladder and reported that the fight was spreading, and that full fifty men were now engaged, with picks and knives and clubs.

"Poor Joe Cliff, sir!" moaned the lad; "I sah him wi' his head all laid open along of a pick, an' it can't be there's life in him more. An' I'm thinkin' there's more i' the same pickle, sir. It's an awfu' fight, surely!"

Briggs was already preparing to descend.

"Cloud!" cried the superintendent, "take care of yourself! Here — take my revolver. The mere sight of a six-shooter may do good."

"Shoot half-a-dozen of the rascals!" shouted Uncle Silas, excitedly.

Briggs made no reply, but thrust the revolver in his breast-pocket, and at once descended into the pitchy darkness, with a candle flaring on his hat-front. He was accompanied by the captain who had brought the report. The level on which the fight was raging was six hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and though they made all haste in descending, it was fully fifteen min-

utes from the time of starting, before the scene of conflict was reached.

It would be impossible to conceive a more demoniac sight than that presented at the bottom of the abyss. A few tallow candles stuck against the rocky walls of the broad cavern with lumps of soft clay, threw a dim and lurid glare over the scene where an infuriated hurly-burly of miners were fighting with the weapons of their labor. Some of them had also armed themselves with long clasp-knives, whose blades now flashed and glittered in the semi-darkness. A roar of mingled curses, halloos, and cries of pain, filled the huge cavern with its horrible din.

Briggs had rapidly decided what course he should pursue, while on his way down the ladders, and he now acted on that decision. He first endeavored to attract the attention of the combatants by shouting to them; but he might as well have hallooed to the winds of a howling tempest. His voice was drowned in the wild uproar. Drawing his revolver, he fired three shots in succession into the gloomy space overhead. He was about to follow these shots with another loud shout of command, but at that moment he was struck a fierce blow on the head with a pick wielded by a brawny Cornishman named Hay. Hay was much attached to Briggs, but now he was so blinded with the blood that streamed from a ghastly wound on his forehead, that he was swinging his pick wildly about his head, like a madman, reckless whether friend or foe fell beneath his blows.

Briggs dropped on the rocky floor of the mine, with the blood gushing from his wound in a dark stream.

"Hold off yer han's now, ye murdering villains!" cried the Cornish captain, seizing the revolver from poor Cloud's hands as he fell, and glaring about him like a panther. "Ye've done enough! Here's work! Hold off, I say, or I'll blow out some o' yer brains!"

But the three shots Briggs had fired into the space overhead had produced the effect he had looked for. The miners' attention was diverted for an instant by these unexpected sounds, and the fight began to slacken. Slowly but surely the storm of passion died away. The combatants gathered about the prostrate form of the young man — Cornishmen and Irishmen alike — and were filled with consternation and horror at the sight.

"Ah God, it's Muster Cloud!" cried one.

"Wurra! wurra!" moaned an Irishman.

"The like o' that!" gasped another.

"This a bod job, boys — he mus' na' die here!"

"Noa, thot must he not!" cried a broad-backed Cornishman with a woful black eye. "Here, captain, gi' me ahold o' him. I'll bear him oop in me arms like a babby."

There was no better way to do, for the combatants had disabled the "skip" at an early stage of the quarrel. Uncle Silas looked with a pale, grieved face, on the bloody form that was presently borne out of the gloomy shaft.

"You've killed my boy, you villains!" he muttered, shaking his fist at nobody in particular.

They placed the sufferer on a litter, and moved away.

"Best tak' him to my house, Muster Joy," said the captain. "Close by."

"You're right," was the reply; "he will be best cared for in your hands."

Accidents from falling rocks are of frequent occurrence in the mines, and there are few experienced miners but have acquired some degree of skill in treating wounds, particularly those inflicted on the head. This was especially true of the captain, who, by his uncommon success in this field, had won the nickname of "Docther" among the miners. The present wound, though a very bad one, was, nevertheless, within the scope of his skill.

Briggs was placed on a bed in a cool, light chamber of the captain's cottage, and soon recovered consciousness. Uncle Silas pressed his nephew's hand silently, while a tear trickled down his cheek in testimony of his sympathy. Thanks to the excellent care he received, Briggs was able to leave his bed at the end of the fourth day, but he was still far from strong. Uncle Silas had kept persistent watch at his bedside during this time, and the steamboat had come and gone without him.

"Hurry up now, Briggs," said he, "and get strong enough to go home with me."

"Home?"

"Ay, ay — home — Boston. You're going back to Boston with me, to stay till you're quite well. You know so much, I want your company on the boat."

So, by the next steamer that passed, Briggs left for Cleveland, bidding good-by to Burton Harbor for the present. The leave-taking was quite an event at the mining village. The dock was crowded with men and women, who sent many a hearty God-speed after him as the boat moved away. Briggs stood on deck and watched the waving of handkerchiefs and hats, waving

his own in return, with a great swelling in the region of the heart, and a moisture in his honest blue eyes.

"Good-by, old place," he murmured at last, as the boat rounded a point that hid the Harbor from view. "I'll come back to you some day."

The voyage home was full of pleasing incidents. There was a genuine Chippewa papoose on the boat, in which Uncle Silas took such a profound interest as he had never vouchsafed to any white baby in the whole course of his bachelor existence. The papoose was the property of a dusky couple who were going on a visit to some Indian relations living at L'Ance, about twenty-five miles away. The papa was accoutered in a civilized black coat and a civilized tall hat two sizes too small for him, and possessed of a perverse inclination to tumble off his head every time he stirred. The mama was a very fat squaw, — at least a two hundred pounder, — and wore a grand silk dress, a checkered shawl, and a jaunty little round hat with a red feather in it, beneath which her broad face glowed as stolid as an elephant's. But the papoose was pure, unmixed "Injun." He — it was a he — was strapped flat on his back to a board having a band attached, to pass over the mother's head, in approved Indian style. He was a seven months' baby, and as big as most white babies of two years. He was as fat as a pig, and he lay on the promenade-deck in the broad glare of the sun, sleeping with unmoved countenance, quite unconscious of the admiring crowd of cabin-passengers that clustered about him.

"Is it alive?" inquired a little girl, who evidently thought it was some new style of wax doll.

A white baby of twice his age and half his size, proved that he was alive, by crawling upon him and putting her little fist in his mouth — whereupon he awoke. Then Uncle Silas stuffed him with crackers.

But the papoose shortly gave place to a new sensation. A couple of Indians in a very large canoe were seen gesticulating and hallooing, and presently the first-mate threw them a rope, the end of which they caught, and so dragged along in the steamboat's bubbling wake for some ten miles. A big Indian with gray hair sat in the stern and steered with his paddle, while the other kept watch of the rope-knot. At last they threw off the line, and paddled away in the falling darkness.

In the evening, the passengers gathered in the dining-hall for the dance. Briggs, who always

made acquaintances easily, had already struck up an intimacy with a party of jolly Clevelanders, and Uncle Silas looked on in perfect content while his nephew danced a quadrille or two — for he was not strong enough to bear much exercise yet. The young man who did the calling-off on this occasion, was as great a genius in his line as that one whom Briggs remembered in connection with the Rose family. He got out the dinner-bell, and instructed his temporary pupils in the mysteries of the "Firemen's Dance," ringing an accompaniment with the bell, and shouting "Fire!" in the key of D.

"This side of the hall is the head," he cried, "and this is the foot — now remember!"

"Head to the north — toes to the south!" sung out the merry voice of the jolly steamboat captain, who was passing through the saloon at the moment, wrapped in his overcoat; "*she* is a-travelling east!"

Briggs had plenty to tell Uncle Silas about the country as they passed down the lake day by day. At Marquette, where the boat lay half a day, the passengers went ashore, and Briggs was quite a lion among them from his knowledge of the iron mines, and the points about Marquette worth seeing. He had also something to tell about the Pictured Rocks, Munising, Grand Island, the Grand Sable, Whitefish Point, etc., all the way down to Tequamenon Bay; and then the steamboat passed into the stone-sided ship-canal, and paused at the foot of the monster locks, to let her passengers spend a few hours at Saut Ste. Marie.

"Here is the Soo," quoth Briggs. "Now we must have a ride in the Rapids, Uncle Silas."

"The Soo!" said Uncle Silas; "Shoo! What do you call it the Soo for?"

"So as to be in the fashion," laughed Briggs. "Nobody here says Saut Ste. Marie; every body says the Soo."

A party of half-a-dozen ladies and gentlemen, including Briggs and Uncle Silas, went ashore, and picked their way over some slippery stepping-stones round which a rushing current of water ran, reaching safely a sort of little island among the tumultuous Rapids, on which stood two or three Indian habitations. An old Chippewa, the color of a brass kettle that needs polishing, stood before one of the habitations. Briggs was made spokesman of the party, and informed the old Indian that the party wanted a ride in the Rapids.

"No boys," answered the Indian. "All gone. Me alone — one. Boys be back by-by."

Now you might have talked to that old Chip-

pewa an hour without influencing him a particle; but Briggs knew the road to the Indian heart. So he produced a crisp "greenback," and held it up before the old man's eyes. The effect was electrical. Indian got his paddles at once. With another bronze-faced old fellow, he proceeded to drag forth a big canoe from its hiding-place, and spread a pair of clean mats on its bottom. Then in they all got, ladies and gentlemen together, and squatted on the dry mats, till the big basket creaked again.

Did I say *all*? I should have excepted Uncle Silas. He stood on the shore as the boat pushed off, fingering his whiskers nervously, and declaring his belief that they would all be drowned. The Indians gave a deep grunt as they pushed the canoe out with its heavy load, and as the little craft shot out upon the dancing waters, they uttered a rapid guttural cry, "Huh-huh-huh-huh!" and the ladies vented little shrieks of mingled alarm and delight.

The ride was very exciting, and the scene indescribably beautiful, with the far-stretching tumultuous expanse of the Rapids. There was an incessant roar like the music of a waterfall, and the high waves leaped above the passengers' heads, spattering them with spray. An Indian stood in either end of the canoe, with uprolled

trousers, exhibiting each a pair of Chippewa legs, like huge bronze candlesticks, and "poled" the canoe dexterously along the boiling channel. Now the boat shot along with the stream, now it crowded against it; the Indians kept up an incessant gobble-gobble in the Chippewa language; on both sides the Rapids boiled and leaped and whirled, with the shores half a mile away on either hand; nothing needed but the upsetting of a frail canoe to leave the party at the mercy of the stream, to be pounded to death against the rocks, which the most expert swimmer could not avoid in such a case, so thick were they. Briggs put an arm over the side of the canoe, and touched the rocks as they shot past, and felt the water rushing like lightning through his thrilling fingers.

But no accident occurred. The old Indians knew what they were about, and were as much at home here in these dangerous Rapids as you are in your father's parlor. A day or two longer the steamboat pursued its course down the chain of lakes, and then the city of Cleveland was reached. Briggs and Uncle Silas immediately took the cars for Boston, where they arrived in safety, and where our friend remained till the following spring. Here, however, we bid him good-by.

WIRT SIKES.

THE LITTLE BROOM.

It was Christmas-eve, and I sat alone in the old hall, vexed with gloomy thoughts. I am getting old, it is useless to deny it, and my wife was away on a visit, and had overstayed her time. The times were not prosperous, and friends were diminishing as troubles increased. There was nothing in my surroundings to beget cheerfulness. There was no light in the room except the dim red glare of a half-spent wood fire, which cast ugly flickering shadows on the dingy walls. The bleak wind howled through the crevices and crannies of the old mansion, and a door left ajar or a loose window-shutter, would occasionally bang with a hollow reverberation through the empty rooms, cold and dark as burial vaults.

I was the only white person in the house, and all that reminded me of human companionship was the distant sound of loud jawing and jolly laughter from the kitchen, which reached my ear at intervals between the gusts of wind, but this merriment, which so little accorded with my own

feelings, served rather to irritate than enliven my sadness. My reveries were at length interrupted by heavy footsteps on the front porch, a stamping and scraping as if to rid the comer's shoes of loads of mud, and then followed a rapping with horny knuckles on the door.

My heart beat rapidly at this sudden assault upon my loneliness, and before I could say "Come in," the door opened, and a dark, shadowy figure entered, accompanied by a gust of wind that scattered the ashes in the chimney, and kindled the fire into a brighter flame. The uncouth shape and movements of this object at first thrilled my half-dreamy senses with terror, and I involuntarily grasped the fire-tongs as a weapon of defense. As the light further developed its grotesqueness, I thought it was one of those foolish Christinkles, who go around at Christmas to frighten the children and beg for cakes, and my alarm changed to anger.

As the intruding apparition approached the

light, however, I perceived that it was nothing more than an innocent old negro, laden with mats and brooms.

"Sarvent, master," said he, with a smiling face, dropping his load and removing his hat. "Buy any brooms or mats dis evenin', sir?"

Now, I was annoyed at being interrupted in

my gloominess by any thing so cheerful and so commonplace as an old negro broom-seller, so I answered with vexation, —

"No, uncle — I don't want any — go away with your stuff." But he had no mind to be put off so easily.

"Dese is mighty good brooms, sir. Look what



straw is in dese brooms," he persisted, shaking one in my face to develop its bushiness, and pulling the straw to prove its firmness.

"Go away," I said, curtly; "I don't want them."

The light of his countenance diminished considerably, but he continued, — "These handles, master, are of the best seasoned ash, and they 'se wove with nice hickory splits, light and strong: they never wear out."

"Well, — what do you ask for them?"

"Two shillings apiece for de brooms, and half-a-dollar for de mats: fuss rate shuck-mats — clean all de mud from round your shoe so complete, it won't want no blackenin' — a scraper ain't nothin' to a shuck-mat for dat."

"Get out, you old riever; I can get brooms from the store at half that price."

"Sech brooms as they are, master, ain't worth what little you give for 'em; no 'count: handles

of pine and poplar, and sich-like; what little straw is in 'em, spread out like a fan, to look like much; sot on wires what rusts out, and don't last no time."

"Go along; I don't want any brooms, and would n't be imposed upon if I did."

The old trader's cheerful smile was extinguished, yet he continued, in lowered tones,—"Dese is Christmas-times, and I thought Master might want to encourage home-folks some. I used to sell right smart at the Hall in old times."

Receiving no reply, the old man shouldered his wares, made his obeisance, and turned to depart, his disappointment finding vent in murmurs, as he trudged away.

"Pears as if dese new-fangled stores has tuck all our trade from us. Things all for cheap, and good for nothin'. Home-folks got no chance. Can't sell nothin' more like in old times,"—and so the door closed, and the wind drowned his muttering. When he was gone, I felt conscience-stricken at having treated him so roughly.

Poor old soul! how he has rejoiced over that broom-corn while it was growing around his cabin; how many hopeful and diligent evenings he has spent smoothing and suppling those splits, and rounding the handles. How carefully and evenly he has woven the brush, and how skillfully, in his rude way, has he selected the cleanest and soundest corn-shucks for those mats; and with what pride he has viewed his finished work, and counted it as so much riches. Then the miles he has trudged through the mud, puzzling his woolly pate by the way, in endeavoring to cipher how much they will all come to.

Then, I'll warrant, Old Cloe, his wife, is waiting at home, anxious for her Old Man's return, with the presents promised from the proceeds of his sales: the new calico dress and gay headkerchief; the cakes for the children and grandchildren; the small supply of sugar and coffee for the cabin cupboard, and the moderate-sized stone jug with the corn-cob stopper; and why not? it would n't be Christmas without that.

I hastily rang the bell, and as my man promptly presented himself with a lamp, I said, "Bill, run after that old man with the brooms, and bring him back; I've changed my mind."

Bill presently returned with Old Sancho and his wares.

"Uncle, how many brooms and mats have you?"

"A dozen brooms, sir, and two mats," he answered eagerly, grinning from ear to ear

"I'll take them all; how much will they amount to?"

Uncle Sancho, quite flustered with joy, began snickering and counting on his fingers,—

"Lem' me see: one broom at two shillings—dat's two shillings; and another broom at two shillings—dat's two shillings more; an' one mat at half a dollar, dat's half a dollar more; and tother mat, dat's another half a dollar." Sancho rolled his eyes up to the ceiling. "I specks, Master, dat all comes to 'bout two dollars, or three dollars and a half, or jest any thing Master says is right."

"A dozen brooms at two shillings each, make twenty-four shillings, which, in Virginia currency, amounts to four dollars; add another dollar for the mats, and we have five dollars. Here's your money, Uncle."

"Blessed luck!" exclaimed Sancho. "I did n't think they was gwine to 'mount to half that much. Now, Master, here's a little ha'ath-broom I flings in for a Christmas gift for the little Miss."

"What little Miss?" I asked, roughly, for that struck a chord which vibrated painfully.

Sancho scratched his head with a bewildered air: "'Pears to me, Master had a little daughter when I was here last, 'bout so high, and I gin her a little broom like dat, an' it pleased her mightily."

"Why, you old gourd-head, that must have been at least fifteen years ago; you have no more idea of computing time than money."

"Blessed Lord!" ejaculated Sancho, "I knowed it must a ben a good many years, and I speck she's growed a fine young woman by this time."

"Go your ways, old man; I've lost her."

"Dead, Master?" cried Sancho, throwing up his hands, and rolling his eyes in a deprecatory manner.

"No, not dead,—she's married."

"O Lord! de beautiful child! dat's all! he, he! Dat's nothin' but natur'."

"Bill, give him his supper and a dram,"—so they retired to the kitchen, and left me sitting alone again, holding the little broom in my hand. But I was no longer solitary, for the simple toy, like an enchanter's wand, had conjured up recollections that filled the room with shadowy company.

It seemed as if the frosted beard had melted from my face, while the chairs and vacant places were all occupied with well-remembered figures, clad in the fashions of other days, but whose

countenances beamed with the frank and cheerful smiles of that sweet fashion of youth, -- which is always the same. Among us skipped a chubby girl of six summers, her cheeks puffed with rosy health, wielding a toy broom in her little fat hands, raising dust-clouds from hearth and carpet, with that important earnestness which childhood always puts into its imitations of real life. So with the flickering light, as it brightened or faded, the shadows moved and changed, until the present was forgotten, and I found my-

self in fancy living my childhood and youth over again, and surrounded by all my little friends and kindred of many years ago. Our young lives were full of freaks and romantic adventures, and it seemed as if the little broom had swept away the dust and cobwebs that had gathered over them during so many years. They all came back, one after another, as vividly as if they had passed but yesterday; and pleasant enough it was to remember them, so pleasant, that I have determined to write them out after my own fash-



ion, in the hope that the little folks of the present day may find them equally agreeable and interesting.

Ah, that little broom, it must certainly have bewitched me, for while I sat there holding it in my hand, I was surprised by several living, loving arms around my neck, and kisses on my cheek. Wife and daughter had come in upon me unawares, -- "Papa, we could n't spend Christmas away from home," and then she wept joyfully upon my breast. Wife hastily summoned

the cook, and ordered a fat turkey to be killed and hung out to freeze.

And a handsome, soldierly looking young fellow, still tarrying at the door, busy getting in the trunks -- very well, he's welcome; perhaps I shall become better reconciled to it after a while.

We had the jolliest Christmas I ever remembered. And the stories?

Be patient, young folks; you shall have them in due time.

PORTE-CRAYON.

KE-DAH-KUK.

A FAIR Lady Hen, one midsummer day,
Sprang joyfully down from her nest in the hay.
The warm egg was left in its pearly white shell,
And so, of her happiness eager to tell,
Straightway to the barn-yard she tiptoed along,
Expanding her pretty white neck with the song,
"Ke-dah-kuk! Ke-dah-kuk! Ke-dah!"

"What folly and fuss!" said a Goose, passing by;
"Every egg that you lay, there is always this
cry,

To let all the world know whatever you do,
As if the world cared at all about you!
You might hatch a dozen young chicks in the
straw,

If you had but the sense not to cackle and caw
Ke-dah-kuk! Ke-dah-kuk! Ke-dah!"

A Cockerel, indignant at hearing all this,
Thus gravely rebuked the contemptuous hiss:
"Goody Goose, 't is discourteous your neighbor to
flout,

When, with artless rusticity, thus she cries out.
Obligations are varied, for each and for all;
Biddy finds it, no doubt, her vocation to call
'Ke-dah-kuk, Ke-dah-kuk, Ke-dah.'

"No Solon is she, but at least you must own
In 'Ke-dah-kuk' a generous spirit is shown.
With far less to boast of than Rooster or Hen,
There are braggarts and cacklers, geese, women,
and men,
Who, like Biddy, to do their own duty, might
labor,
And so have less time to speak ill of their neigh-
bor."

The Cock flapped his wings, having finished "his
say,"

And, at once, every fowl in the barn-yard that
day

Cheered loudly, "Ke-dah-kuk! Ke-dah!"

MRS. A. M. WELLS.

AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

TREBIZOND is a city on the shores of the Black Sea. A few miles from the town lived a Greek boy, Yani, on his father's farm. It was a rather rough life that he led. He had to get up early every morning and walk several miles to the fields, where he and his father toiled in the hot days of summer. A crust of coarse brown bread, and sometimes a little bad cheese, was all he had to eat; but in vintage time he could pick rich purple clusters of grapes in the vineyards, and eat them with his bread, when resting at noonday under the shade of an olive or fig tree. They ploughed, or rather scratched, the soil with a primitive plough made of a pointed stake, such as was used thousands of years ago, in the days of Abraham; and in harvest time they threshed the barley and the wheat on a threshing-floor, such as you may read of in the Book of Ruth. A round space on the ground, beaten flat, was strewn with the grain, over which horses were then driven, until it was thoroughly threshed, and then the farmer tossed it up in the air, and the wind blew away the chaff, while the wheat fell to the ground. Many allusions to this mode of

threshing are to be found in the Bible. During harvest time they used to sleep at the threshing-floor, as it was some distance to the hovel where they lived.

When Yani was about ten or twelve years of age, he had a rather uncomfortable adventure. The harvest season was just over, and when they had left the threshing-floor in the evening, his father bade him bring the key of the barn. This he forgot to do; but in the middle of the night he was awaked by the yelping of a jackal. He then remembered that he had forgotten his father's injunction, and he knew very well that if the key was not forthcoming the next morning, a severe beating was in store for him. He would have started off at once to get it, but recollected that he might be eaten by wolves, not such wolves as we have on our prairies, small and timid as foxes, but genuine wolves, ravenous and large as the largest mastiffs. Yani debated the matter in his mind for some time, but as the whipping was a certainty, and the wolf only a probability, he concluded to risk the latter, and, getting up quietly, opened the door softly, so as

not to arouse the family, for they all slept in one room, parents and children, cattle and poultry. It was a clear, still night, the full moon rising above the hills and throwing long shadows across the fields from the trees and bushes. Yani stole along with hesitating steps, starting whenever the night wind caused the leaves to shiver, or a dark object seemed to cross his path. But, like a true boy, the farther he went without meeting any thing, the braver he became. An owl by the wayside, that must have been dozing, and was suddenly awakened, gave a fearful hoot in the thicket close by, as if to assure himself that he was not sleeping. Yani thought he would have died with fright, but kept on, and without further incident reached the barn, which stood alone on a hillock by the threshing-floor, locked it, took the key, and started homewards. The barn-door was on the northwest side, and in order to return home, Yani had to go around the corner and end of the barn. As he reached the corner of the barn, and was still hidden by its shadow, he saw a sight that sent the blood back to his heart, and almost froze him with terror. On the threshing-floor, that was white as snow in the moonlight, lay in clear, sharp outline, the shadow of a wolf, who was himself invisible on the other side of the barn. Luckily Yani had presence of mind enough, or was too frightened to stir out of the shade of the barn, and the wind blowing from the east, was doubtless the reason why the wolf did not scent him. For some moments the wolf stood still, snuffing the night air, licking his hungry chops, or maliciously wagging his bushy tail, every motion being repeated by his tell-tale shadow. Very softly Yani dropped on his hands and knees, and edged up against the dark side of the barn, from whence he could watch the shadow unseen. The shadow began to move; the wolf was becoming restless; something had aroused his suspicions; the shadow moved forward and then retired, until nothing was seen but the shadow of the end of the wolf's tail. Again the shadow advanced, and the wolf himself came out and stood dark against the moon, his eyes glaring like coals of fire, and a low growl issuing from his chest.

In proportion as the wolf came forward, Yani crept backward to the other end of the barn, until he was himself almost in the light, and the wolf in the darkness; then the wolf again retreated. This dodging occurred several times, until Yani at one time got so far to windward that the wolf apparently snuffed him so distinctly as to induce him to draw gradually nearer to him.

Yani then slipped around a large stone, and, hidden by its shadow, rolled down the hill into a clump of bushes. The wolf followed cautiously, stopping every few steps to give a long low howl, as if to get up his courage, or summon his companions to share in the anticipated feast. Fast as his legs could carry him, Yani flew over the ground, until he heard the wolf close behind, the dry twigs crackling as the hungry beast bounded toward his prey. The boy made a dash for a dwarf oak, and scrambled up as he never climbed before, barely reaching a secure height as the wolf sprang in the air and sought to grab his feet.

Yani now felt comparatively safe, even when he perceived that the wolf's barking had attracted another wolf to the spot, who stealthily crept out from the bushes, and, after taking a survey of the "situation," and making two or three ineffectual efforts to seize the imprisoned boy, sat on his haunches and joined wolf number one in watching the prey that was so near and yet so secure from their fangs. Now and then both would leap up with furious cries, as if they would knock over the tree. Yani meanwhile looked toward the east, watching for the first streak of dawn, for he knew that his friends would come to the rescue at daybreak, and yet the time seemed long as he clung to the branch that supported him, and tried not to fall asleep in his weariness, and thus drop into the clutch of his ravenous watchers. Once he thought he heard the cock crow far away on his father's farm, and soon after the eastern sky began to grow ruddy, and the moon grew cold and dim, and the wolves became more impatient, howling with rage, and starting sometimes as though they heard sounds that aroused their fears.

Swiftly the sun shot up above the hills, and Yani's anxious ear told him that the expected deliverance was near. As the boy had supposed, on rising at daylight, his father missed his son, and conjecturing what might be the matter, took down his curious old flint-lock and long knife, and summoning the great shaggy shepherd-dog that watched the flock, started in the direction of the barn. The sagacious brute bounded forward as if he knew all about it, and before long they were in the vicinity of the scene of action. As the deep barking of the dog and the shouting of the father were borne down on the morning wind, Yani heard and replied, and at the same time the wolves began to slink away from the tree toward the underwood, but still keeping their hungry eyes fixed longingly on the prey

that seemed about to escape their grasp. As they were edging off, like a pair of robbers detected in the act of stealing, the great dog burst into the clearing, and made a dash for the nearest wolf, whom he grabbed, and a desperate fight ensued, dog and wolf being soon red with blood. Before the fight was over, the father rushed in, and sheathing his long knife in the wolf's side, laid him dead on the spot. The other wolf escaped. Yani now came down from the tree, and gave the key of the barn to his

father; he had kept fast hold of it all this time. The next winter, when the bleak winds blew over the mountains of Armenia, Yani was kept warm with a coat of wolf-skin.

When he reached the age of manhood, missionaries settled in Trebizond. From them Yani learned to read and write; with earnestness he listened to their instructions, and became a convert to Christianity. He lived and died humble, useful, and faithful to the last.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VIII.

THE life which children lead is one of few generals, but of endless particulars. They can only play about the house-yard, it may be, but in that little area they carry on a mimic drama of the largest life; they know only a few people, but they know them in and out. Nothing is yet conventional with them, and the death of a kitten that they have played with, calls out more real, unaffected grief than they will feel over many men afterward whom they may work with. Whatever touches on the circle of their little life is real, and all the more vivid that it is far nearer the centre than the same event might be found when the circle had enlarged. There is not yet in their minds an adequate conception of the proportion of things. The moon looks very near, and much more valuable than a bank note, if they are still quite young. Important and unimportant are terms that get singularly twisted about.

Every one has noticed this, and a large class of books for young people has grown out of the desire of older persons to adjust the telescopic eye of the child exactly as their own is placed. Some day we hope in these notes to examine pretty carefully the great body of moral tales for the young, and the religious tales also, and indeed all those books which have for their end and object to show young people how they ought to live in the yard, by illustrations drawn from real or imaginary lives of children in yards. This time, mindful of how these notes have been crowded out by the editor month after month, in his vain endeavor to crowd a bushel of accepted contributions into a peck measure of forty-eight pages, we shall speak only of two books that have

always seemed to us to picture this daily life of children very cleverly. They are written from the side of children, and not from a spectacted height above them.

The first is "The Children's Year," by Mary Howitt, (Crosby and Ainsworth: Boston. Price \$1.00.) Mrs. Howitt has written nothing for children so good as this. She tells us in the preface that it is almost literally from a diary which she kept. It is the home life of an English family, of simple tastes and moderate means, looked at from the children's position. The book is full of what they did and said among themselves,—the little round of their daily life, recorded in a matter-of-fact way, as something to be chronicled without comment. The children play in the summer-house, and lead their imaginary life, only calling in the mother when they cannot help themselves; they play about among historic ruins, and go to their father to learn why the big stones are there. Nothing would seem simpler or more natural, or more easy than to record this. And yet how rarely has this thing been done, and done so well; how few parents writing it out could have helped perpetually thrusting in some of their superior wisdom. It is a delightful picture of English domestic life, which will always be fresh to children, and may some day have a slighter value to the historian of England.

Another book of this order, with a variation, is Miss Sinclair's "Holiday House," (Robert Carter and Brothers: New York. Price 90 cents.) This pictures children's life in Edinburgh seventy years or so ago, among the higher classes; and while it is not so plain a

chronicle of every-day life, but has to do rather with adventures and exceptional incidents, yet it has the same quality of honesty and freedom from what may be called errors in transcribing. Every one knows how much early chronicles have suffered by the attempts of later copyists to correct the text by their own more modern views. That is the way children's life gets copied, even by themselves, when they grow up.

Who that has once read will ever wish to forget "*Holiday House*"? Who can forget the scrapes into which the restless Harry and heedless Laura were perpetually falling, and how they were dragged out by the head by jolly Uncle David, or by the heels by relentless Mrs. Crabtree? Every character in the book, though sketched with apparent carelessness, is vividly real, and the reader sees greedy Peter Gray eating dead flies for

plums on old cakes in the very attitude which he struck. We know of no book for the young so crowded with lively incident; and yet with all the harum-scarum of rollicking young life there is mingled so healthy a suggestion of duty, and so many wise, gentle lessons, that we learn to love the writer for her hearty interest in children. The story is led up from this carnival of fun to the sorrow which is pretty sure to follow in real life, and in this case sobers and elevates the character of the children. Miss Sinclair meant the book for a memorial of noisy, frolicsome, mischievous children, whom in her old age she thought to be nearly an extinct race; but we rather think that there are enough left to furnish counterparts to her characters, and more than enough to enjoy with enthusiasm the sport, the heartiness, and the sweet gentleness of this capital book.

THE WINDOW-SEAT.

Midnight.

THROUGH the frosty pane, I make out the shining stars, and in the dead of night, when the children are sleeping, I keep watch. Were any of you ever out-of-doors in the middle of the night? You would be surprised to see how differently every thing looked, especially in moonlight. The buildings so high and strange, the trees muttering to each other, and bushes looking as if they were stealing out of the meadow to the road. And then at night, one looks up into the sky. There are no people, perhaps, about, to catch his eye, and his business does not keep him thinking with his eyes down, so he looks up and sees the countless stars. If he is on shipboard, he watches the mast drawing queer diagrams on the heaven, and tries to count the stars in some one patch. And here and there, over the surface of the globe, are dotted little towers, in which men sit and watch steadily with great telescopes, to see what more they can find out about those wonderful heavenly bodies. We seem at such times to be standing tiptoe on the earth, on its extreme outside, and peering up into that strange sky, which we can only ascend into with our bodies such a miserable little space.

Then there are some whose work requires them to be out-of-doors all night. The watchmen in our cities walk up and down, and see some sights that are not at all heavenly. The engine-driver of the night train peers out beyond

his engine as it dashes through the darkness. He cannot look up into the sky much, he must keep on the lookout for signals ahead. How many ships are sailing over the ocean all night long, with a few men muffled up, pacing the deck, or sitting together in chat, or minding the wheel.

In countries where it is warm there is a great deal of out-door life in the night, and the flocks upon the hill-side are watched by the shepherds. They can look at the stars, and watch the meteors that flash across the sky. A stranger sight they saw once on a hill-side in Judea, when, as they kept watch of their sheep, a great light shone around, and the angel of the Lord came upon them with that wonderful annunciation, at the words of which the heavens were opened, and a multitude — no man could number them — praised God in the hearing of these simple shepherds. Perhaps, too, at that very moment the Wise Men of the East were journeying toward the place.

The shepherds kept their flocks by night, and thirty years afterward, other shepherds watching, might have seen Him, the true Shepherd, going at midnight on to the quiet hill. Did they know that He whom they saw moving along in the distance, His outline growing fainter, was going out into the cold and darkness to pray to the Father?

"Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer;"

and on the lonely mountain the Shepherd was watching his sheep.

THE EDITOR.

A Christmas Carol.

MUSIC BY KARL REDEK.

Cheerfully. **PIANO.** *mf*

DUETT.

1. O, joyous, joyous tidings! O,
2. Fear not, ye wondering shepherds! Run,

Repeat pp

hap - py, hap - py morn! O blessed, blessed Moth - er! The promised child is born!
greet the new-born King! Un - to earth's lowliest children, The heavenly an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

A merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas, Thou Vir - gin un - de - filed; We bid thee merry
A merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas, Ye Shepherds on the hill; We bid you merry

p Dim. *f* *p* *Dim.*

Christmas; On thee the Christ hath smiled. La la, &c.
Christmas, Ye men of gen - tle will. La la, &c.

Cres. *f* *p* *Dim.* *p* *pp*

3 O haste, ye dust-stained Magi,
By wisdom unbeguiled,
By humblest wisdom guided,
To kneel before the Child.

Chorus. A merry, merry, merry Christmas,
Ye pilgrims from afar!
We bid you merry Christmas,
Ye lovers of the Star.

4 O carol, Christian children,
O carol loud and clear,
Till all the waiting nations
The Christmas tidings hear.

Chorus. A merry, merry, merry Christmas,
Ye Jews, receive your own!
O merry, merry Christmas,
The Gentiles' Light hath shone!

NUTS TO CRACK.

CHARADES.

1. I am a miserable old bachelor; every thing in my house is going to destruction. The other night, coming home in the dark, I stumbled over my *first*, which is a poor affair made of my *second*, dried and twisted. Alas! my *third* escaped me, for in some way my *fourth* was sorely strained. Ever since I have been thinking seriously of *my whole*.

2. CHARADE ON TWO WORDS.

First Word.

I rush and roll and gambol,
Dancing with many a bound,
And when I run o'er pebbly beds,
I make a gurgling sound.
The waters that are near me
In quiet wend their way,
Darkly gliding through the night
And sparkling in the day.

Second Word.

From bush of clearest verdure,
I hang in clusters bright,
Red, juicy, round, and acid,
Pleasant to taste and sight.
A healthy, useful fruit I am,
As ever grew for man,
And when I end my summer life,
I'm buried in a can.

Both of these words are like in sound,
In sense they're not the same;
The head of each one is a dog, —
A dog unknown to fame.
And when the heads are from the tails
Torn violently asunder,
One shows a rent, the other means
Something that sounds like thunder.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

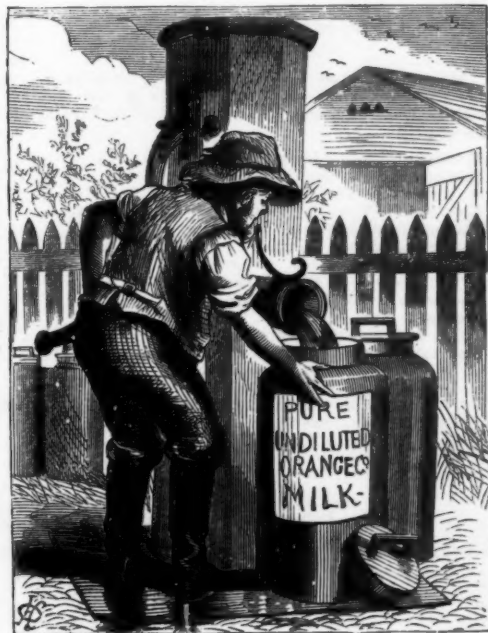
A Great Traveller — and the means by which he makes Friends.

1. "Never stale in thrifty minds."
2. "Ere thus I will out-braved be
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Percy, so am I."
3. "On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When sleeping in the grove
Unmindful of her love."
4. "A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,

A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Nam-Var."

5. "Thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters, for a purer spring."
6. "Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and
opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deep-
est devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the
hem of her garment."
7. "The battlements, the turrets gray,
Seemed half-abandoned to decay;
On barbican and keep of stone
Stern Time the foeman's work had done;
Where banners the invader braved,
The harebell now and wall-flower waved."

ANSWER TO ILLUSTRATED CHARADE IN OUR LAST



A WORD TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THIS is the last page of the last number of our first volume. Some of you have no doubt read every word thus far. Next month the second volume will begin, and we mean to make it, if we can, more interesting than the first. In another part of the Magazine you can read what is promised, and you may be sure that "the half is not told." And lest you should overlook the offers which the Publishers make, we print here the list of premiums offered, and special arrangements for clubs. By taking a little trouble, the boys and girls in any one place can get the Magazine very cheaply, or they can begin to collect quite a library.

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